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120th COMMENCEMENT ISSUE



THE BELL RINGER

VOL. 43 NO. 5

MONTGOMERY BELL ACADEMY

MAY 30, 1987

1987

Valedictorian



Kenji Kono

Salutatorian



Brennon Michael Martin

Mrs. Bowen Retires

by Kurt Gilliland

When an MBA graduate is reminded of MBA, one of the first people to come to mind is Mrs. June Bowen. Mrs. Bowen has been introducing seventh graders to the world of MBA for twenty-four years now. She is famous for her "English Grammar Rulebook," which takes the MBA seventh grader from scratch all the way to the complex grammar rules studied each year in high school on the "Hill." She is also known as a strict disciplinarian, but as one MBA student notes, "She never

raises her voice, and she's always totally fair with you." Mrs. Bowen is well-known to many MBA parents as a teacher at Woodmont Elementary School in the 1950's before she came to MBA in the early 1960's. She has always been a seventh-grade homeroom teacher and has always taught English and word wealth in the junior school, in addition to holding the job as head of the junior school at one time. After this year, however, the longtime

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A Tribute

by Mrs. Lowry

One mark of the extraordinary person is that he or she does what has to be done. Foremost in exemplifying this trait is June Bowen. During her tenure at Montgomery Bell Academy, she has been instrumental in providing the foundation essential for her students' success in English. Specifically, she has given many of her pupils their first real experience in discipline

both in their conduct and in their academic work. Thoroughness is the hallmark of her teaching endeavors, and along with that, she possesses the ability to make the study of grammar and theme writing exciting and, more importantly, respected. Each boy knows that it is not satisfactory to leave an assignment half-done or to behave in an inappropriate manner. In addition, he knows that she is fair in her judgments.

Mrs. Bowen's success lies also in the fact that she is as demanding of herself personally and professionally as she is of her students. Because of the example she sets and her contributions in accomplishing the exacting goals basic to sound academic performance, she has the respect of faculty, parents, and students alike. Her achievements, as well as the quality of the person she is, thus make her extraordinary.



Bell Ringer photo by Jeff Ryu

Totomoi Taps Four

By Braxton Perkins

On May 5 of this year, four juniors and one faculty member attained "the ultimate achievement" of an MBA student, faculty member, or member of the MBA community: the induction into Totomoi. Totomoi, created in 1954 by Richard Sager, is an honorary fraternity which recognizes students who have excelled in areas of scholarship, athletics, student government, forensics, publications, organizations, drama, and citizenship. Faculty and community members receive introduction by displaying service, loyalty, and the ideals of the school. The motto of the society, "Integrity, Loyalty, and Service," succinctly defines the three objectives of the fraternity:

- (1) to promote student activity and moral and ethical deeds suitable to an MBA student
- (2) to increase interest of family, alumni, faculty, and community in the school and
- (3) to honor students, alumni, faculty, and friends of MBA.



Bell Ringer photo by Jeff Ryu

Trajan Carney lays one on Edgar Bueno

The four new students who received introduction into Totomoi were Jay Knowles, Steve Jobc, Edgar Bueno, and David Spickard. The faculty member inducted was Mrs. June Bowen who received a resounding, standing ovation from the student body and faculty. These new members received their charge and pin,

and they achieved the ultimate goal.

The current student members of Totomoi who were inducted at earlier ceremonies are Brennon Martin, Johnny Thompson, Charles Mayes, Travis Jackson, Bobby Whitson, Gantt Bumstead, Trajan Carney, and Tom Humphreys.

Brennon Martin Gets Morehead

by Rob Archer

Brennon Martin, a senior of our student body of 1986-1987, is this year's recipient of the John Motley Morehead Award. Although he is not the only recipient of this prestigious award, he has distinguished himself as one of the top, most well-rounded seniors in the country.

What exactly is the Morehead Award? To quote:

"Morehead Award is currently an honorary Award accompanied by a grant of money to finance the recipient's undergraduate study at The University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill." This grant includes board, room, laundry, books, student fees, tuition, and off-campus internships during the summer. For such an incredible scholarship, there must be some strict qualifications for the

recipients, all of which Brennon obviously satisfied. Again to quote for the bases of the awards: "(a) Evidence of moral force of character and of capacities to lead and to take an interest in schoolmates; (b) Scholastic ability and extracurricular attainments; (c) Physical vigor, as shown by participation in competitive

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A Letter From The Editor

It is customary for the editor-in-chief to take a minute to look back on the Bell Ringer year and recount some of the memorable experiences. This year's staff was pretty unique because of its inexperience. Only one editor had previous work as a Bell Ringer editor. My selection to be editor-in-chief was almost as big a surprise to me as it was to other people, but I have enjoyed it immensely. In general, it was a very trying experience, but I don't regret taking the position in the least. Some of the more notable aspects of this year's paper were:

—the introduction of the use of a computer to layout this final issue of the paper. This landmark in the progress of The Bell Ringer has brought the paper into the modern desktop publishing techniques.

—the re-introduction of the

"Eyeopeners" column featuring short, informative news flashes that had not been in the paper since 1983. (My first experience with the MBA newspaper was writing "Eyeopeners" as a Freshman).

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Bill Cherry & Tennis Team Win State

Story on Page 24



FEATURES

THE BELL RINGER YEAR IN REVIEW



Jonathan Cole
Editor-in-Chief



Andy Rosen
Assistant Editor

Sunil Malkani
Assistant Editor



Travis Jackson
Entertainment



Jeff Ryu
Photography Editor



Kurt Gilliland
Business Editor

Charlie Hailey
Business Editor



Steve Jobe
Sports Editor

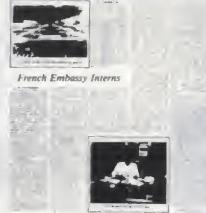
Jay Knowles
Sports Editor



Ward Chaffin
Copy Editor

Will Van Deveer
Copy Editor

THE BELL RINGER NO PASS, NO PLAY



September 2, 1986

THE BELL RINGER 1986 Prison Art Show



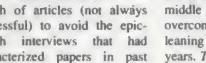
December 15, 1986

THE BELL RINGER MBA Hosts Southern Bell Forum



March 9, 1987

THE BELL RINGER Coach Tommy Owen Talks

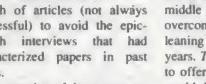


THE BELL RINGER HOMECOMING 1986



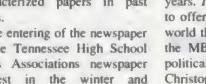
November 3, 1986

THE BELL RINGER Big Red Crashes Glencliff 38-7



December 15, 1986

THE BELL RINGER MBA Hosts Southern Bell Forum



March 9, 1987

Continued From Page 1

—the effort to cut down on the length of articles (not always successful) to avoid the epic-length interviews that had characterized papers in past years.

—the entering of the newspaper in the Tennessee High School Press Association newspaper contest in the winter and receiving a "superior" rating. This "superior" rating is quite of an accomplishment given the fact that MBA doesn't offer a journalism class like almost all other schools who entered the THSPA competition.

—a commitment to keep the political aspect of the *Bell Ringer* up to a high standard. I

am proud that this year's paper has taken a slant back to the middle of the political spectrum overcoming the conservative leaning of the past couple of years. *The Bell Ringer* has tried to offer a different view of the world than is often seen around the MBA campus through the political editorials of Christopher Ptomey, T.A. McKinney, and mine.

—the running of the eighth annual *Bell Ringer* Bike Race. This year's race featured the most competitive field ever which yielded a new record and a new, fairer system of scoring.

—the effort to make the paper more aesthetically pleasing by using aspects of other college

and commercial papers including "photo by" credits with the photos.

Overall, I have been very impressed with the time spent on the *Bell Ringer* staff to make this year's paper what has been. Personally, my experience with the paper has given me uncountable rewards. I sincerely hope that all members of the MBA community have been pleased with the five issues of the *Bell Ringer* this year. I hope that the *Bell Ringer* has been both informative and interesting. Good luck, Jay and Kurt, it's all yours!

—Jonathan Cole,
Editor-in-Chief

Bell Ringer Staff Members

Christopher Ptomey, Tom Humphreys, Chad Enders, Michael O'Hare, Jim Harwell, Robb Ludwick, T.A. McKinney, Jay Riven, Joe Rich, Bob Napier, Gilbert Smith, Chip Blaufuss, Bill Penuel, Sterling Price, Dave Fredrickson, Braxton Perkins, Rob Archer, Lanson Hyde, Chris Cunningham, Brent Allen, Rob Baker, Pieter Foster, Mark Hudson, Kenji Kono, Sean Dudley, Kevin Kruse, Felix McConnell, Scott Galloway, Ben Tate, Jianbin Shao, John Gupton, Sandy McLeod, Jim Hippe, Todd Wise, Jim Norris, Rob Cheek, Marc LaVigne, Arthur Henderson, Clark Geddie, Leonard Warren, Bobby LaBrec, Chuck Reesha, John Israel, Charles Israel, Edgar Bueno, Charles Treadaway, Patrick Keeble, Trever Edwards, Lawrence Berman, Turner Overton, Tommy Vandever.

Bell Ringer Contributors

Bobby Whitson, Johnny Thompson, Bill Hitt, Brannan Atkinson, Robbie Westermann, Emmett Russell, Tim Hamling, Robert Rollins, Bjorn Nordquist, Matt Bumstead, Andy Davis, Warren Downs, Tim Wallace, Allen Brown, Chris Cigarran, Thayer Smith, Todd Cassetti, Demetri Patkas, Patrick Roberts, Trey Harwell, David Dillon, Scott Boone, Randy Peleaz, Oman Sloan, Wendell Hamner, Erik Sundell, Steven Sowell, Marion Southall, Alex Rice, Jim Abernathy, Andy Crowe, Georgie Gillett, Drew Nord, Stephen Whit.

N.B. staff members are those who wrote more than three articles during the year or contributed significantly in other ways to this year's *Bell Ringer*. Contributors are not staff members.

EDITORIALS

America Moves Back to the Middle

by Jonathan Cole

After over six years of Ronald Reagan's amazing rhetoric, America is starting to pull out the deep-freeze right. The Reagan Revolution espoused a laissez-faire policy. The Republican administration blindly tried to get the government off the backs of its people without looking at the disadvantaged ones it was stepping on in the process. Reagan has made innovative reforms in the tax structure and general American attitudes but has ignored many needs. After the recession of the late 70's,

America had a very low self esteem. Reagan inspired a new sense of old-fashioned, red, white, and blue American patriotism.

The media picked up on the growing American patriotism. Movies like *Rambo* advocated the growing feeling of pride. Bruce Springsteen hollered about being "Born in the USA." Lee Iacocca brought a huge industry back from the grave and used a song entitled "The Pride Is Back." America never felt better.

The sad thing is that this feeling was built on a weak

foundation. The prosperity of the times was limited to the middle and upper classes. Reagan's budgets drastically cut badly needed social programs such as Aid to Families with Dependant Children.

The Reagan Doctrine in the meantime raised the military budget from \$134 billion in 1980 to \$266 billion in 1986. Reagan was swept into office in 1980 by advocating that government was a problem not the solution. Ironically, the same sentiment helped Jimmy Carter crush Ford in 1976.

Historian Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. in *The Cycles of History* illustrates his theory that America swings between eras of Liberalism and Conservatism. In the thirties, the U.S. turned from the Conservative administration of Hardin, Coolidge, and Hoover to the New Deal of FDR to try to pull itself out of the quagmire of the Great Depression. This move to Liberalism paralleled the progressive era which occurred under Teddy Roosevelt in the early 1900's. The cycle repeated itself as America turned more conservative in the 50's before surging to the left again under Kennedy. Reagan is the climax of the present

conservative era which began with Nixon in 1968. Each of the turning points has occurred roughly every 30 years - 1901, 1932, 1960, and probably 1990.

America has begun to take a long hard look at itself and its priorities. The incentive to be rich at any means seems to be losing its pure golden appeal. Some people have driven farther back into the poverty lines. *Time* magazine recently conducted a poll in which three-fourths of those surveyed said that Government "should play a more active role" in such areas as health care.

There are many causes of this self-evaluation. First, the impact of the Irancon situation may have devastating effects on the Reagan administration. The Watergate crisis 15 years ago crippled Richard Nixon and all his efforts in the Oval Office. Irancon has the potential to be equally as bad. Also, America is beginning to see the effects of the get-rich-at-all costs mentality. Ivan Boesky and a host of other financial royalty have been caught with their hands in the cookie jar. "Big Business" compulsion, combined with the scandals and takeovers on Wall Street, bolsters the perception of

greed run wild." Polster Lou Harris points to the fact that in 1979, 69% of Americans gave corporate America a favorable rating. In 1986, though, corporate America only rated 35% favorably. "Clearly," says Harris, "the mood about business has turned negative on a massive scale." Finally, the media was such a great aid in the building up of America's grand self-image has begun to show the bad side. Oliver Stone's popular and critically acclaimed *Platoon* showed America the real side of Vietnam. The war was a terrible time in the American timeline.

Reagan's efforts are to steer America away from the New Deal. It's true that the Government can no longer be the big daddy it was 50 years ago, but we can't lose contact with the needy of America. It can be very easy to stay out in Belle Meade or Brentwood and avoid seeing the Nashville needy. There are countless numbers of people who don't have the means to rise above their situation. Our government can't forsake their needs in order to keep pumping money back into the top of the social structure.

Why Not George Bush in 1988?

by Chris Ptomey

Let me count the reasons... First, as we all know, Bush has a "wimp" image. The issue of whether or not he actually is a wimp or not cannot be debated all day uselessly. In politics, image is everything, and a president who exudes weakness cannot be effective, at home or abroad.

Secondly, Reagan has created an environment in which no Reaganite could successfully govern. In a democratic government, popular support and legitimacy is everything. Ollie's Follies have successfully destroyed all legitimacy for the more conservative Republicans if not the party as a whole. All confidence poles show Reagan's support slipping fast, indicating that the public is fed up with the Administration's problems. America needs a change to re-align the public behind the chief executive.

A problem related to public support is Congressional Support. It seems highly unlikely that George Bush could effectively act as president without the solid support of Congress. Support which he will not have. The Republican Party needs to move toward moderate positions to insure power in a Democrat-dominated Congress.

Reagan has also insured that Bush would have a difficult time establishing foreign policy as well. Reagan's two-faced declarations and interventionism have alienated much of the world from the U.S. The President's hard-line with Star Wars has sent the Russians from the arms talks on several occasions. What a calamity it would be if the foreign powers perceived that the policies of the last eight years were to be continued over the next four.

Finally, there are too many able candidates for the presidency - candidates who could be both effective and popular. In the Democratic party, there are several young, intelligent, charismatic leaders, including Tennessee's own Albert Gore Jr. In the Republican Party, the delegates at the convention would do well to nominate someone as powerful and popular as Howard Baker (who has said he will not run because of his job). Certainly, the American people can do better than Bush in 1988 - putting someone in office who we can both trust and respect.

Footdragging On Arms Control

by T.A. McKinney

The Gorbachev proposal to rid Europe of medium range nuclear weapons has presented the Reagan Administration with a historic opportunity. In a bold move, the Russian leader recently announced that he was ready to accept the exact terms on medium range missiles offered by Reagan in 1981. Such an agreement will not dissolve the nuclear danger, but it is a step in the right direction.

In no uncertain terms, Ronald Reagan has vowed his unmitigated opposition to the arms control process as a whole. Specifically, he has done his best to release the U.S. from the SALT II agreement and the ABM Treaty. However, late in his presidency, Mr. Reagan now fears that he will go down in the history books as the great enemy of peace, and so he would like to make some progress in arms control. In light of this factor, an agreement seems more likely now than in the recent past, but success is still far from certain.

Unlike the usual Soviet propaganda ploy, the recent offer is long on detail and specifics. Gorbachev is urging a treaty withdrawing all INF weapons with a range of 600 to 3000 miles. This would entail removing U.S. Pershing II rockets and cruise missiles on one side and SS-20 missiles on the other. To make the offer even sweeter, the Soviets offered to withdraw their short range missiles for which the west has no counterparts. This is a major concession indeed.

Somewhat taken aback by the sudden Soviet offer, the United States has been reluctant to take the Soviets up on their offer.

In addition to Reagan's inherent fear of any agreement with the "evil empire," Reagan fears harm to the NATO alliance. The Administration has two concerns. First, it is feared that the removal of the intermediate forces would leave NATO vulnerable to Soviet conventional superiority. This

fear is unfounded because although the Warsaw forces outnumber NATO's in terms of quantity, NATO's forces possess a vast edge in quality.

Additionally, it seems quite unlikely that Russia could commit the huge human, military, and economic resources necessary for the occupation of both Eastern and Western Europe. The second fear is that removal of the U.S. weapons will undermine the symbolic link between America and Europe and thus "decouple" the U.S. from the alliance. This fear seems even less founded since the 200,000 American service men stationed in Europe are ample evidence of continued American interest. Additionally, American tactical or battlefield nuclear weapons will remain in Europe which would be quite effective at stopping a Soviet conventional advance.

Reaching an agreement

Continued on Page 4

1987-88 Bell Ringer Editors

Editors-in-Chief.....	Kurt Gilliland
Jay Knowles	
Entertainment Editor.....	Ben Tate
Business Editors.....	John Gupton
Lanson Hyde	
Sports Editors.....	Steve Jobe
Robb Ludwick	
Copy Editors.....	Ward Chaffin
John Hays	
Will Van Deveer	
Photography Editor.....	Arthur Henderson

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FEATURES



Are they defending our country?

Survival Game

by Mark Hudson

On early Sunday morning, March 29, close to forty M.B.A. Seniors, Juniors, and Sophomores donned combat fatigues, screwed their courage to the sticking place, and assembled somewhere in the wilds of Williamson County to participate in the National Survival Game. The game is a variation on "Capture the Flag" in which, instead of tagging opponents, players are armed with compressed air guns which fire paint pellets. A hit anywhere, except in the head, eliminates you from the game. Fortunately, conditions were excellent and everyone was ready for an intense game. Safety goggles on, both sides ran through, crawled under, hid in, waited in ambush in, and sought refuge behind the undergrowth of trees of the wooded playing area. Initially immaculate in our combat garb, few escaped emerging from the greenery looking like some vision of Jackson Pollock, splattered with the orange and yellow paint.

An experienced Junior team, with some help from three ringers reputed to be from FRA, soundly routed an inconsistent, yet heroic, Senior team, five games to two. Swift attacks and a few seemingly invisible snipers contributed to the Junior triumph. Senior highlights included a finely executed draw play in which apparently all but two of the Junior team were "killed", allowing a small group of Seniors to "saunter" up to the Juniors' base and take the flag to the Senior base, sealing a second victory for the Seniors. A second such draw play, dedicated to Andy Crowe, resulted in disaster for the brave Seniors.

In conclusion, there was no one present on either team who failed to have a fun time and did not enjoy the game. Beyond a few bruised egos, no one was hurt seriously anyway, and ultimately it is important to realize that the Survival Game is, as its name implies, just a game.

Briefly now, some Survival Game awards: Kamikaze Award for successful suicide attacks—James Gooch; Fashion Statement Award—Lyle McDonald; Honorable Mention—Tommy

Frist; Triumph of Nature Award—(tie) Brent Allen, for a "thorny" encounter in the brush, and Guy Logan, for running into a tree; the I'll-Be-Singing-Soprano-Now Award—Fleming Wilk; Honorable Mention—Lyle McDonald; Best Victim of a Sniper Award—John Smithwick, shot by an unknown sniper; Honorable Mention—Tommy Frist, by Jay River; Best Use of Face Paint More Likely to Make the Wearer More of a Target Than Actually Camouflaging Him—Mark Hudson; Dereliction of Duty Award—Andy Davis; Honorable Mention—Andy Davis; Best ColorCommentary—Randy Pelaez.

Prom on the Range

by Dave Fredricksen

The evenings festivities commenced around 6 o'clock at the Hilltop Country Club where the seniors and invited guests gorged themselves on mutton and ale. As the diners dined, they were all entertained by the sharp wits of Gant Burmstead and Frank Downey who delivered the roast. Then, the Seniors were limosined over to MBA where they fought the massive screaming hordes awaiting their arrival and the presentation. The set, thanks to the awesome, elite, and few juniors who constructed the architectural masterpiece, was a smashing success; even the swinging doors worked despite Dr. Crowell's protest's. The Lone Star Cafe, originally dubbed the Last Chance Saloon (but as we all know, that's way too suggestive) was built by the laboring efforts of those few, brave juniors who bagged all tests and homework to stay at school until ten thirty every night for the two weeks before the prom.

The Whigs, the musical geniuses who blasted us out of the gym, were a last second fill in after the original band, The Distortion Hawks, couldn't

squeeze out of their tight concert schedule in Europe, Asia, and the Sub Continent. This last second band was pretty good, playing Richard Speight's favorite, distorted Beatles. Those members of the faculty who came to the prom, thought the band sounded pretty good out in the parking lot. The Whigs, to Andy Davis' delight, played all night and up til the end to all six listeners.

The evening was far from over at the end of the dance. The night's revelers then adjourned to various locations for food and to continue the evening's

festivities. At the end of the evening/ morning, the results of this year's prom showed that the junior class can compete with last year's junior class. The '87 Prom was a huge success thanks to Dr. Crowell and the elite juniors. A special thanks to A.J. Smith Lumber Co., Mr. J.D. Thompson III, Brannon "I Don't Need a Date" Atkinson, Chas "Spike" Hewgley, Maria McKee and her music, Ed "We'll Do It Later" Bueno, Dave "Set King" Fredrickson, and especially Jeff Owen and Brad Reese for their backbreaking hard work.

Arms Control

Continued From Page 3

withdrawing the INF would do much for world peace. U.S./Soviet relations have not been very good in recent years, and achieving a solid agreement might create a better atmosphere for negotiations in other areas. More tangibly, removal of the Pershing II would be welcome. Because this large weapon can reach Russia in five to ten minutes, it puts the Soviets in a tense situation. In time of crisis, the Pershings might give Russia an incentive to take them out before they could be

used by NATO to deprecate the Russian command, control, and communication network. By keeping the Pershing, we risk stumbling into a war that neither side really wants.

It is seldom that the U.S. has such an obvious opportunity to lengthen the fuse on the nuclear firecracker. The Soviets are faced with a need to lessen military expenditures, and we should seize the chance offered by the situation. We must direct all our energies toward the cause of peace and not squander such opportunities.

The Next Step For The Class of 1987

Vanderbilt (10)	Denison (3)	Kenyon (2)	Mercer
Skip Burke	Allen Brown	Paul Lentz	Jay Stroman
Christopher Fly	David Rumsey	Tim Wallace	Millsaps
Louis Graber	Ted Rice		Todd Cassettey
Barry Lancaster		Rhodes (2)	
Charles Mayes	Clint Fawcett	Temp Sullivan	Mississippi
Brian Pearson	John Boone	Will Meyer	Steven Hooper
John Rawlings	Kyle Rodgers		
Raju Reddy		Virginia (2)	Morehouse
Erik Sundell		Tom Humphreys	Guy Logan
Fleming Wilt		Sandy McLeod	
Tennessee (10)	Pennsylvania (3)	Amherst	Northwestern
Rob Baker	Brent Allen	John Mahoney	Nathan Goldberg
Chris Burch	Travis Jackson		
Trajan Carney	John Joe	Baylor	Princeton
Frank Crowell		Bob Pate	Tommy Frist
David Enkema	UNC (3)		
Turner Overton	Sunil Malkani	Carleton	Richmond
Steve Parker	Brennon Martin	Jeff Ryu	Andy Davis
Randy Pelaez	Jay Reynolds		
George Ruccio	Brown (2)	Carnegie Mellon	Sewanee
Trey Spence	Kenji Kono	Tseng-Kwan Pen	Hunt Brown
Jianbin Shiao			
Furman (5)	Centre (2)	Dartmouth	U.S. Naval Academy
Clay Hardin	Joe Rich	Brad Reed	Andy Crowe
Matt Kneeland	Ted Thompson		
Johnny Thompson		Duke	Vassar
Bobby Whitson		Clark Geddie	Mark Hudson
Robert Willingham	Colorado (2)		
	Claiborne Gayden	Emory	
	Robert Rollins	Rob Hilton	
Auburn (4)	Georgetown (2)	Haverford	Washington University
Rob Check	Jonathan Cole	Christopher Pitomey	Andy Rosen
Rob Chilton	Chris Wright		
Jimmy Pickle		Holy Cross	Scotland
Jimmy Zibas		Chip Blaufuss	Scott Sprague
W & L (4)	Georgia (2)	Kentucky	Sweden
Gant Burmstead	Frank Downey	T.A. McKinney	Bjorn Nordquist
Brennan Fitzpatrick			
Tim Hamling	Clay Trabue		
Tom Harwell			

FEATURES

Debaters Advance to Nationals

by Braxton Perkins

In the last weekend of February, ironically the same weekend as the Mardi Gras Festivities, the varsity debaters Tom Rogers and Braxton Perkins travelled to Lafayette, Louisiana to compete in the St. Thomas Round Robin against some of the best teams in the country. Not distracted by the party atmosphere, Tom and Braxton, being the only juniors, were able to capture third place.

While most of the competition for the year is over, the MBA varsity debate team looks forward to the State finals, the Tournament of Champions, and hopes to continue its winning ways.

Another championship in the varsity ranks was notched by MBA at the Vestavia Hills High School Tournament in Birmingham.

The varsity debaters Braxton and Tom won final round on a commanding 5-0 decision. Two other varsity teams, consisting of Jay Kahlon, Burt Fulmer, Jonathan Reeve, and David Chen, reached the Quarter final, round.

In novice competition, MBA was dominant as the team of Hal Jones and Eugene Park captured the top two speaker awards and the second place team award after compiling a perfect preliminary record.



MBA's Contingent Advances to Nationals

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Editors' Note

This issue marks the beginning of a new era in *Bell Ringer* history. This is the first issue layout out on a computer. A Macintosh Plus computer was used to construct the look of this twenty-four page issue, the longest in *Bell Ringer* history. The Editorial staff is no longer reliant on the printing company that we used in the past. MBA is looking into the purchase of the necessary hardware and software for use in creating next year's papers. Contrary to popular belief, MBA does change tradition when the improvement is better than the past.

The Madwoman of Chaillot Shocks Harpeth Hall

by Joe Rich

On April 9-11, the Harpeth Hall Playmakers, directed by Mrs. Patricia Fontaine, presented their annual spring play. This year's production was Jean Giraudoux's famous comedy, *The Madwoman of Chaillot*. As usual, MBA students formed a large part of the cast; Bjorn Nordquist, Randy Peleaz, Chris Pomey, Richard Speight and Ed Lams all held leading roles, while Peter Dudley, Tom Benning, Brian Stephenson, Turner Overton, Brent Allen, Jay Riven, Asher Dudley, Clairebone Gaydon, Joe Rich and Jay Guthrie of FRA filled the many smaller parts of the show.

The plot concerns an evil plot to drill for oil in Chaillot, which is near the heart of Paris. When Countess Aurelia (Julie Cantrell of Harpeth Hall) and her three friends learn of this plot from the crowd at the local cafe, they immediately set about to destroy those responsible for

the plot as if with "the jawbone of an ass." Sounds simple? Not quite. A horde of evil businessmen, bankers, oil prospectors and others are more than eager to have the eccentric Countess shut away in a lunatic asylum. However, through the Countess' scheming, the evil plotters are vanquished, and peace is restored to the streets and cafes of Paris.

On the whole, the production ran smoothly and proved to be an enjoyable affair for both the actors and the audience for the show. Mrs. Fontaine and the Harpeth Hall Playmakers are to be commended for their excellent work.

Roberts Room Reopens

by Joe Rich

In January, 1984, the family of MBA Class of 1978 alumnus Stephen Roberts donated funds to build a beautiful, wood-paneled room in honor of their late son. At the time, Mr. Roberts specified that the room was to be used by all MBA students during the school day, and that the room should also serve as a meeting place for such organizations as the Board of Trust, as well as student groups such as FCA and the Honor Council. Anyone who has ever visited the Roberts Room will agree that it is a beautiful addition to our school as well as a fitting memorial to a fine MBA student. The question: is the room being utilized properly?

The Roberts Room was officially opened for student signouts at the beginning of the 1984/85 school year. Seniors were given priority for signing out, and a senior student was to serve as a monitor during each of the first seven periods. Unfortunately, the room soon became a place where seniors congregated to sleep, eat their lunches, watch the television and host their own professional wrestling matches. Several times, furniture was broken, and Mr. Bondurant ordered the room closed on several occasions because of such abuses.

After closely reviewing the rules for Roberts Room use, the student council decided to reopen the room for student use.

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FCA Gets Cheerleaders

by Rob Archer

Officially, FCA is a Christian organization for athletes, but it is open to absolutely anyone in the student body of MBA. Lately, however, the numbers of this school organization have been decreasing rapidly. This decrease is in no way understandable because of the variety of the fulfilled programs offered by the student-run organization.

Some of this last school year's programs under the able leadership of Johnny Thompson included open discussions with times for any comments; fellowship with friends to places

such as Rotier's, Mack's, and McKy D's; special speakers such as ex-teacher Tom West; a city-wide banquet having a prestigious guest speaker (Steve Bartkowski this year) and announcing the FCA athlete of the year from each school (Tim Hamling this year); sportive retreat at the Thompson's farm; special co-ed meetings with Harpeth Hall and St. Cecilia (That brings the crowds in!); and special movies over very contemporary topics, such as rock music and abortion.

All these activities took place this last year. With the new democratically elected officers for next year of David Spickard as President, Emmett Russell as Vice-President, Robb Ludwick as Secretary, and Matt Bumstead as Treasurer, who knows what new ideas these guys will come up with! David Spickard has already stated that a day trip up to Fall Creek Falls is a "definite." Next year should be a very interesting year if this year has been any indication. Everyone is invited to come.

And by the way, I was only kidding about the cheerleaders.

1987-88 Bell Editors

Editor-in-Chief.....	Charlie Hailey
Business Editors.....	Rob Barrett
Sports Editors.....	Rob Westerman
Copy Editor.....	Jim Norris
Photography Editors.....	Emmett Russell
Features Editor.....	Chaz Hewgley
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	Tom Gutow
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THE BELL RINGER

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REFLECTIONS



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Last Wills and Testaments

I, Rob Baker, being of somewhat less than mind and body, do bequeath the following: to Mr. Herring, the soundtrack to Saturday Night Fever; to Mr. Gaither, my Night Fever; to the class's grades; to Dr. Batten, all those homeworks I never turned in and thanks for making me actually like English class; to Dr. Springer, my collection of translations (if she does not already have them); to Stephen McConnell, all my Squeeze tapes; to M.B.A., thanks for six years of grind; it was worth it (I guess).

I, William Francis Blafuss III, being of sound body but scorched mind, do bequeath the following: to Arthur Henderson, I leave my superior stamina, my impeccable luck to be sick at the right times, and the thought that you only have one more year to go; also to Author and Jamie Cheek, I leave copies of my book *The Real Way to Study*; to Charlie Hailey, I leave all my basketball moves; to Charlie and Chuck Resha, I leave SEARCH and its responsibilities and the hope that both will be co-directors; to Bill Hitt, I leave everything involving cheerleading: girls, pep rallies, megaphones, pyramids, and the hope that next year will be better; to Sterling Price, I leave my ability to know everyone in the tennis world, some real ground strokes, and my tournament predictions; to Sharp Belote, Leighton Thomas, Nate Sewell and Oman Sloan, I leave the future of MBA tennis and the hope that all do well; to Renard Francois, I leave any advice he might need to get through school; to Kevin Kruse, I leave my three point shot and my ability to drive to the basket; to Bill Cherry, I leave my incredible ideas, my spin serve, the utmost respect for his tennis ability, and the hope that he keeps on winning; to Frank Drowota, I leave a real car to race, sole possession of the Super ticket sales on Sunnyside and two more years of junior development; to Mr. Herring, I leave a pair of pants and a top for his car; to Mr. Kemp, I leave my voice and my moves; to teachers Bennett,

Bostick, Caldwell, and Owen, I leave my thanks for making class challenging but fun; to Mr. Poston, I leave discussions about tennis, drugs, MBA, etc.; field trips to Goony Golf, my expertise on tennis psychology, and my deepest thanks for being one of the most influential persons in my life; to Mr. Mark Elliott, I leave discussions of school spirits, my class notes, the sincere hope that soon he gets what he is striving for in life, and great appreciation for his influence on my life; to Dr. Batten, I leave my thanks for making English interesting for once and the hope that he can always keep on philosophizing; to God, I give praise for always being there and for everything good in this world; to everyone at MBA, I leave the challenge to strive for the best and nothing less and the hope that eventually someone will change the brick color of the library; finally, to MBA, I leave behind who I was when I entered and take with me the two are not the same; Goodbye, Farewell, Amen.

I, John Daniel Boone, having been declared to be of animalistic body and mind, do hereby leave the following: to Stephen Witt: a dead cow in the road, some bad luck, a new attitude, and a real life; to Edward Lams, physical pain and harassment from wherever it may come; to Mrs. Lowry and the English teachers, typewriters; to Billy Tate, several shares of stock in Sonny's Barbecue and the fine dollars I owe him; to Edgar "George" Bueno, the further mental harassment; to Brian Stephenson, a lime and the U.F.O. that hovers constantly behind my head; to Dr. Thomas, good luck for the future; to Coach Floyd Elliot, my ability to comprehend and confuse many complex blocking schemes and strategies; to Greg Stein, a real tie; to David Workman, nightly weather reports for the next day; to David Trainer, the responsibility for carrying the title of the "animal" for the next three years and passing on the tradition; to Leonard Warren, my right foot; to Billy Frist, a decent fashion sense; to Andrew Bond, my amazing speed and quickness; to Mark Hudson, my American citizenship so that he can get a date; to Coach Bostick, my ability to give original and somewhat descriptive titles to my programs and procedures; to

Coach Lanier, my heading ability so that he can share it with future teams (I'm keeping my stamina); to an anonymous Clarksville soccer player, better luck next time.

I, Scott Boone, being of sound body and definitely unsound mind to hereby bequeath: to Renard Francois, the nickname of "baboon" because, whether he remembers it or not, that is what he used to call me; to Thomas Gutow, a megaphone, a penny, and a captaincy of the library lunch crew; to Edward Lams, some nuclear weapons, some alka seltzers, and two huge semi-gravity propelled encyclopedias; to Jay "The Python" Kahlon, a little mortality so that he will know what it feels like to be mortal like the rest of us; to Burf Fulmer, some red hair dye; to Tom Rogers, a map of the states so that he will finally realize that Georgia is not in Alabama; to Hal, Craig, Eugene, and Johnny, a sense of humor because they need one badly; to Sean Dudley, a golden tube of gold toothpaste; to Mr. Tate, a "buy-one-get-one-free" coupon to Lonnie's Barbecue; to anyone in Math IV Honors, AB Calculus; to Bill Hitt, chores and a ride to Jim Dandy; and to Mr. Herring, a make-up test.

I, Gant Bumstead being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath to the following: to Ben Tate, a lifetime pass on the Screaming Delta Bells and responsibility of carrying on the traditional voice of the Big Red (thus choosing an able rising junior to help him), the responsibility of being bus comedian and song leader, and music with good harmony; to Trey Everett, some hands bigger than mine to snap with and a plate of sausage; to Duta, a hair cut from Ben Bass, some country music, an extinguisher, and Mack's County Cookin'; to Billy Frist, some food (so as hopefully to repay him for the food Frank and I ate); to Matt, good luck and the Baron Mobile; to the 1987 line, the duty of carrying on the tradition of Mack's Friday Night Supper Club; to the 1987 football team, Pre-game Po-Folks meals; to MBA, John and Paul Downey (Good Luck!); to Jeff Owen, a mirror and a Sasha; to either Chet Frist or Forrest Conner, a new voice; to Mike Mo, some dunkball; to Brad Reese, opinions on Joey Pinnhall, Jeff Lavendar, and

Scott Hord; to Geordie, a study session and a phone call; to Dr. Ward, Mr. Drake, Mr. Herring, Coach Regen, and Coach Elliot, my thanks for four great years; and finally, to my family, thanks for everything.

I, Trajan Carney, being of brain damaged mind and battered body, I do hereby bequeath to the following: to Chad Enders, a keg of coca-cola and my ability to get dates; to Greg Downer, my obnoxious carrying on the pizza tradition, and the ability to remain under control after defeat; to Edgar Bueno, the sacred discus and my total commitment and dedication to track; to Seth Asher, my discus throwing ability and a year's supply of ices; to C.B. Harwell, the ability to "pin" to "win"; to Kelsey Fitzpatrick, all the "nice" girls; to Worcester Bryan and Michael McNally, a set of 44" Gumbo Mudder paddles and season passes to the Truck and Tractor Pull; to Hampton, my good taste in music and clothes; and last but not least to Lance, a posthole digger, a stick of dynamite, and all the jobs Hampton does not want to do.

I, Todd Cassetty, being of white body and black soul, do hereby bequeath the following to my friends on the Hill: to Michael McNally, I leave all knowledge and skill on the art of fire extinguishing; to Mike Morrissey, I leave the official Doug E. Fresh title; to Demetri Patikas, I leave a flirting wave and my uncoordinated hurdling skills; to Chuck Resha, I leave my mom to keep her busy; to Rob Barrett, I leave all of my track points; to David Spickard, I leave my rhythm and a challenge to rap better; to Rob Archer, I leave all my hurdle scars; to Emmett Russell, I leave my "puffer"; to James Gooch, I leave my choral talents and ability to beat-box; to Mark LaVigne, I leave nothing; to Matt Bumstead, I leave my ability to rap and an open "rappin' 3" spot; to Jim Harwell, I leave the title of Bill; to Renard Francois, I leave my awe for black music and a free ride to any place in the

continental United States; and finally, I leave my respect and my good-times to M.B.A.

I, Rob Chilton, do hereby leave to Patrick Roberts and Demetri Patikas the duty to carry on the habit of harassing everybody constantly; to Michael Shears, my fantastic game of golf and golf fundamentals; to Patrick Keeble, the ability to refrain from watching "Caddyshack" five times a week and eating at Wendy's daily; to Mike Pow, the reigns to the MBA weightroom.

I, Jonathan Cole, being of a Hoya mind and a semi-miler's body do hereby bequeath the following: to Greg Stein, a conservative tie; to Lanson Hyde, a packbusters pin and some pressure; to Steve Zibas, the presidency of the Run-for-Fun Club; to Emmett Russell, the name "Smith"; to Ms. Stevens, my everlasting appreciation and a Georgetown sticker; to Drew Nord, a pair of socks, an uninterrupted game of tennis, and an ice cream cone; to Arthur Henderson and Sterling Price, my love for Baylor; to Jay Knowles and Kurt Gilliland, a few editorial headaches, some USA-Today length articles, and final memories of Roger; to Jay Riven, the gameland board; to little Stephen McConnell, my MBA diploma, a rebel flag, and a philosophy course; to Dr. Batten, a scribble in the top-left hand corner of every paper; to Kevin King, a big date; to Bill Hastings, what's left of my running ability (not much); to Mr. Womack, an outing club article in every issue of the *Bell Ringer*; to Mrs. Miller, somebody to talk to next year; to Billy Frist, two fingers; to Mr. Herring, a "Democrat" us "button"; to Mr. Bondurant, another math class; and to Mike Seshul, my car "the Blue Ribbon" to run home every day; an to Mrs. Christeson, another friendly senior.

I, Frank Crowell being of sub-sound intellectual stability hereby leave the following useful, useless, or otherwise bogus assets to the following personnel: to Mikey O'Hare, my flying ability; to the rising senior class, my Aerobic tossing ability; to

To The Class of '87 From a Mom of '57:

"This one's for you..."
Is a temporal slogan oft used;
But I'd like you to know a Proverb tried and true,
(I couldn't resist one last luch-time morsel for you)
Wanting to encourage with wisdom that will ever continue.

"Trust in the Lord with all your heart,
And do not lean on your own understanding;
In all your ways acknowledge Him,
And He will direct your path." Proverbs 3:4,5

**Congratulations To The Faculty Which Has
Produced A Champion Debate Team And
Record Percentage Of Merit Scholars From
An Admirer Of MBA**

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whoever wants it, my ability to have fun in the worst situations; and finally, to the juniors, the thrill of graduation.

I, Andy Crowe, do hereby leave the following: to Edgar Bueno, a horoscope from Mr. Gatti's; to Banks Link, a new lint ball; to Dan Brooks, a set of weight (we all know he needs them); to future sixth period frisbee team members, an aerobie; to Allan Hunt, a Rites of Spring shirt; to Jamie Cheek, oysters from Twelth & Porter; to Gilbert Smith, a burner from chemistry; to all, a final SKANK call; and thanks to Mr. Drake, Mr. Poston, my parents, and my friends for invaluable support and drive. Good-bye to M.B.A.

I, Andy "Kirbo" Mooseface Davis, being of questionable mind and having a body Robert Hollins envys hereby bequeath the following: to Storm Sommer a neck brace to hold up his head while he walks around and the ability to joke; to Jay Knowles I leave the ability to jam on the guitar by practicing like me, and the humility to face being beaten in races by an underclassman; to Lanson Hyde I leave an entire new life with some common sense, the inability to bug anyone, some dress habits, my yellow pair of Sioux Mox shoes, and the responsibility of inventing the most bizarre running injuries for Mr. Pruitt to hear; to Steve Zibas I leave a life outside of running and the fact that he will never have a "Kirbo Turbo"; to Sheldon Griffin I leave the responsibility of forcing everybody to attend cross-country meets; to Bill Penuel I leave a set of new lungs; to Rob Barrett I leave the fact that distance runners are better than sprinters, and the ability to play Church ball with a bunch of superior athletes; to Mr. Pruitt and Mr. Drake I leave the memory of Kirbo Davis the running legend; finally, I leave the responsibility for some future cross-country team to destroy the town of Lexington, Ky. and win the state championship for themselves. Mr. Pruitt, and, most importantly, M.B.A.

I, Andy Finchum, being of sound mind and PHAMIN, do hereby leave a part of the PHAMIN legacy behind for others to carry on the tradition; to Mrs. Simmons a quiet 2nd period library; to John Israel the head manager position in

Varsity Baseball with the hope that he will drive the golf cart slowly and put everything away neatly for me; to Brad Reese and Jeff Owen a satellite for space; to Dr. Crowell a PHAMIN that he refused to put on my senior page; I finally leave the following poem to the English department so that they may find all of the physical, spiritual, sexual, psychological, and other symbols for the advancement of everyone's minds:

Hickory Dickory Dock,
Three Mice Ran Up the Clock.

The Clock Struck One,
And the Others Escaped with Minor Injuries.

—Anonymous

I, Christopher Fly, being of sound mind and body leave: to Chas (Spaz) Hewgley, the membership in the Midnight Field Painters Club which I did not give to him in the annual; and Wilson Hardcastle to deal with as he wishes; to Matt Williams, my stencil for the center of the field, and my superior taping ability, and the old paint machine which is now worthless, and a share for Wilson also; to Kurt Gilliland, the word "loser"; to Renard Francois, a reminder about the loss of the runnin' rebels in the Final Four and about the loss of Marvin Hagler; to Mrs. Lowry the homework I never turned in; to Mr. Smith, my book How to Paint a Field with a Broken Machine; to Mr. Womack my book Ultimately, They Are on Rocks of Stone; to Dr. Niemeyer the advice to always put passion over reason; to Mr. Smith, my book How to Paint a Field with a Broken Machine; to Mr. Elliott, a Coke, a steak-on-a-roll, and a Mickey Mouse bar; to Dr. Crowell, an army surplus store of his very own; to Simon Westlake, the duty (and honor) of keeping Devraj in line and (along with Gutow) keeping the darkroom clean; to James Nash, my developing guitar talent and the future of Side 2—Rock on, James!; to Brian Stepienson, a washrag with which to wipe the silly grin (and some lipstick) off his face; to Brent Allen, some No-Doze; to Travis Jackson, thanks for all the interesting and stimulating conversations; to John Joe, I leave my self-discipline (I haven't been using it much lately anyway); to Jianbin Shiao, congrats in letting the demon inside of you come to the surface; to Kyle

Rogers, I leave the future science and engineering; to Gantz Bustead, Charley, Crazy Ray, and the Death Squad bat cry; to Trajan Carney, a medal from the State Tournament and Michael Murray; to Chris Burch, Miami, the dropped pass against Dickson County; to Frank Downey, the wisdom of Coach Kilian and a team picture for posterity; to Tom Harwell, 7.5 weeks of admiration; to Tom Humphreys, new will paper; to Will Meyer, Ashley Brunson and the Italian on top of High Alpine, one more walk to center field on a rainy Friday night; to Johnny Thompson, a little culture and an open mind; to Jay Stroman, a John Snow fan club membership; to Mrs. Hollins, the only disciplinary demerit I ever received, Peter Paris, and a "No Smoking" sign; to Dr. Niemeyer, the smell of roses; to Coach Owen, a state championship no one deserves more than he; to Mr. Poston, a drug free campus and Thomas Williams; and to Mr. Regen, 6th period brilliance and Dave Malone.

I, Clark Geddie, being of terminally left-brained persuasion, do hereby bequeath the following items and ideas: to Mr. Kemp, much praise and thanks for raising the MBA chorus to the pinnacle of success ("No high school choir should be able to do in two years what you guys have done in three months."); also to Mr. Kemp, I leave the first tenor section to do with what he sees fit; to Mama Hollins, un grand merci; to Dr. Thomas, thanks for caring and a wish for good luck in school; to Mr. Elliott, a Coke, a steak-on-a-roll, and a Mickey Mouse bar; to Dr. Crowell, an army surplus store of his very own; to Simon Westlake, the duty (and honor) of keeping Devraj in line and (along with Gutow) keeping the darkroom clean; to James Nash, my developing guitar talent and the future of Side 2—Rock on, James!; to Brian Stepienson, a washrag with which to wipe the silly grin (and some lipstick) off his face; to Brent Allen, some No-Doze; to Travis Jackson, thanks for all the interesting and stimulating conversations; to John Joe, I leave my self-discipline (I haven't been using it much lately anyway); to Jianbin Shiao, congrats in letting the demon inside of you come to the surface; to Kyle

Fun: to Alex Rice, I leave my own autographed copy of "Learn Chess — the Quick and Easy Method," my chess computer especially designed for Alex with levels going down to negative ten, and my chess board with labeled pieces; and to Dr. Batten, I leave my membership to the United Growing Association and my complete collection of Bob Dylan albums.

I, Clay Hardin, being of deteriorating mind and pathetic body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Chris Cunningham, I leave an enthusiastically spoken "Phenomenal!" with hopes he will continue the Fa! legacy; to Mr. Herring, I say "Yeeeeeeeeeeeessssss, thank you very much"; to Mr. Gaither, I leave behind my collection of Sandy Readers; to Albert, I say, "Good Luck" you will need it for the next two years; to Mr. Bostick, I leave my entire collection of computer games (many of which I still haven't had a chance to really play); to all future I.C. athletes like me, I leave my incredible athletic ability; to Mr. Caldwell, I leave my calculator (to be put in the now famous "Calculus Toolkit"); by the way, Dr. Niemeyer, I still believe in Santa Claus; to anyone who wants them, I leave all my mechanical pencils; to the Class of '88, I say that you will never be as good as the Class of '87; David Chen, don't be a debater next year all debaters are geeks; And finally, I leave MBA (the Hill was a real experience, but all good things must eventually come to an end). Bye! It's been real.

I, Nathan Goldberg, being of sound mind and a body that will not quit, hereby leave the following things: to Travis Jackson, my upside down Jewish Star earring and all the Kosher ham in Nashville; to Andy Rosen, the knowledge of my conversion from Zenith to Apple; to John Boone, my extra hair; to Dr. Boone, whatever John leaves over; to Dr. Thomas, a baseball bat; to Dr. Batten, my 36 themes to David Strayhorn, my knack for getting a grade < 90; to Kenji Kono, my artistic talents to Renard Francois, a ride to Jim Randy; to Mr. Herring, a jar of Nathan's Herring and a Bee Gees album; to John Rawlings, a year's membership to Peace Now; to Clark Geddie, auto insurance for math contests; to Frank Downey, my torture methods in English class; to Brent Allen, a padded linoleum floor for taking the SAT; to Andy Crowe, the knowledge that his country depends on him; to Eric Sundell, the relief that I won't be his roommate at Vandy; to Rob Baker, my country music collection; and to Sunil Malkani, my last will and testament.

I, Louis Gruber, being of exhausted mind and extinguished body do hereby bequeath the following to the unfortunate souls I leave behind: to Ben Tate I leave my "Mel Bay — Learn to Play Guitar by Numbers" book, my SAT score, and my apology for being such a jerk to him for six years; to Bill Hin, I leave my position as captain of the cheerleaders and one more year of Friday Night

"Good luck to this graduating class of 1987 in its future endeavors!
-- An MBA Alumnus

Congrats
Varsity
Swimmers

Our sincere wishes for successful lives to the Class of 1987 of Montgomery Bell Academy
-- A Friend of MBA

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Womack, I give relief from junior schoolers; finally, to those I forgot, I leave my cape, a mask, and a stack of radiation charged, razor sharpened pencils. Good Night, drive safely.

I, Tom Humphreys, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: my Stevie Ray Vaughan/ Jimmy Page notebook to Lanson Hyde, the cross country team to Steve Zibas, the "Marcus-Sextus" two-mile team to Steve Zibas, and the possibility of a Distortion Hawks reunion at Live Ait II in 1990 to Richard Speight, Ben Tate, and Drew Nord.

I, Travis Jackson, being of degenerate body an' cynical, vegetable mind, do hereby bequeath the following: to Edgar Bueno, I leave the Edgah; to Richard Speight, I leave a higher waistline; to Mr. Tate, I leave the wonderful state of Alabama, and my how-to-win-the-NFL-debate District Book, and a bottle of No-Doz; to Tom Benning, I leave the means to become the world's first ideal tourist; to Sheldon Griffin, I leave a large piece of happiness in hopes that he will make use of it; to Andy Crowe, my partner in shortness, 9, no, make that 90, lives (you'll need them); to Sean Dudley, I leave gold dental floss, a few good memories, and whatever it is he cannot find; to Tom Humphreys, a bloody nose and the three Smiths' albums; to Mr. Drake, I leave the last paragraph of my term paper and a host of excuses for tardiness; to Dr. Thomas, I leave three years worth of late lab reports and missed tests; to Dr. Crowell, I leave a year's worth of lab reports; to all of my other teachers in general, all the homework assignments which brought my test averages down; to T. A. McKinney, encouragement: maybe one day these fools will realize that socialism and communism are not the same; to Clark Geddie, I leave a person to sit in front of him in all future math classes, some No-Doz, and best wishes; to Mrs. Hollins, Mrs. Palmore, Mr. Pruitt, Mr. Compton, Mr. Womack, and Dr. Thomas, and the rest of the faculty, thank you for your continued concern and support; to the future editors of *Archives*, a bit of advice, never go to Alpha-Graphics; to Erik Sundell (as if he didn't have her already), Jennifer, several bootlegs and 1000 free albums (which I'll tape); to Rob Baker, the hope that we'll meet again; to Brent Allen, a new chest, several scandalous pictures, a place to crash in the Quad, and four years of a quirky but worthwhile friendship; to Nathan Goldberg, my admiration for his strong character and religious

conviction, best wishes for his year in Israel, and 10 inches of USDA tube steak; to Jianbin Shiao, a new blow-dryer, a new typewriter, the new Bowie album, and my respect for his ideas; to Mark Hudson, a date with Eleanor and *The Travis Jackson Guide to Life* (2 Pages), but he does not really need it; to Kenji Kono, my undying respect, a new toffe box, my record collection and list of bands worth listening to, and an eight-week, all-expenses-paid trip to Ireland; to Marion Southall, Renard Francois, Jay, and Glenn, my number at college and

encouragement, if Guy and I did this, you can too; to Ben Tate, the legacy of Entertainment editing; and to Guy Logan, memories of the building, the Donut Den, Jeff, the Smiths, Le Bon Vivant, Windows on the Cumberland, Brazil, Rites of Spring, also my admiration, and threat that he better keep touch; to the world I leave my cynicism and the words of Don Juan Matus: "For me, there is only the travelling on paths that have heart, on any path that may have heart. There I travel, and the only worthwhile challenge is to traverse it's full length. And there I stand, looking, looking breathlessly"; to my parents, love and appreciation for their presence; again to the world, the statements: "Yes, I was a television", "I never want to be famous, I just want to be significant"; "Fashion is trite and meaningless", and "Conservatives will be the downfall of mankind"; "Roots, Rap, Reggae"; "Bob Marley".

I, John Joe, being of sound mind and body leave: to Braxton Perkins, all my Princeton paraphernalia since I will not be needing it now; to Jay Kahlon, a couch, a t.v., and a week's supply of Coke; to Burt Fulmer, medication for his eight-hour ailment; to David Chen, a map to the speech room (I never used mine); to Jeffrey, my car since I never used that either; and to Tom Rogers, my sympathy for having to lead that motley crew next year.I, Sunil Malkani, being of drained mind and tan body, do hereby bequeath: to Arthur Henderson, a year's supply of lunches to eat in class; to Frank Drowota, my superior Survival Game skills; to Jay Knowles, my book 101 Excuses to Miss Newspaper Meetings; to Mr. "Disco" Dan Herring, my respect and thanks; to David Donelson, a set of

drums so he will stop banging on dashboards, my brain, and anew bike to ride all over Nashville; to Mary Helen Lowry, a personalized paper cup of water; to Kelsey Fitzpatrick, my horse-riding ability or lack thereof; to Mr. Mark Elliot, my eternal tan for his jokes and thanks for a fun-filled and enjoyable senior year; to Jay Kahlon, a real car (a Toyota), a month's supply of coke that would probably last him one a day, a real life, and two more years at M.B.A. (have fun).

I, Thomas Allen McKinney, being of perpetually debating mind and I.C.ish body, do humbly bequeath the following goods and wares: to Burt Fulmer, I leave subscriptions to "The Socialist Review" and "The Militant"; and an MX Missile; to Jay Kahlon I leave nothing, for what is there to give to the man who has everything?; to David Chen, I leave a permanent wave; to Jonathon Reeve, I leave a block of cheese, an autographed picture of Diana, and a puppy; to Johnny Lamb, I leave a bus to sit in at home for practice; a mickey mouse bar, and a Davis Kidd Bible; to Stephen Witt, I leave my half of the glass door; to Braxton Perkins, I leave a visor (now he'll have two); to Eugene Park, I leave an assortment of gummy bears, frogs, and squids; to Tom Rogers, I leave a map of the states; to Mr. Herring, I leave a convertible with the top down and a guinea pig; to Mrs. Bowen, I leave my notebook and a pack of tie tacks; finally, to Mr. Tate, I leave an orange roll and my sincere thanks for everything he has done for me.

I, William Trabue Meyer, being of sound mind and healthy body do hereby bequeath the following: to Michael McNally, the right to be single his entire senior year even when every other single person in his class has a girl friend; to Worcester Bryan, I leave the right to say "Oh Yeah!" to any statement made by anybody; and last but certainly not least, to Marc Smith, I leave my love of two-a-day football practices in August, and the countless hearbroken girls of Nashville.

I, Bjorn Nordquist, being of normal shape, reasonable color, and at this moment situated at MBA would like to present my very last will and only testament. It should be said that in all probability this

is the last will on the Hill as it is being turned in two weeks like so many other things so many times before. However I worked on it what follows was the result: I would like to turn in the theme to Dr. Batten (JUMP BACK!); to Mr. Regen: my good pronunciation of associativity and commutativity matrices + (123,4/40,8) doughnut; to Mrs. Hollins: my french knowledge, a pillow for her chair, and a Havana cigar; to Mr. Elliott: maybe a test tomorrow, maybe a term paper next year, a Mickey Mouse ice-cream for sure, and a small BAG(!) for all studying which took place (I don't know when but...); to Mr. Tate: my view of him and capital punishment, an extra lunch, my Swedish embarrassment, and a bunch of No-Doz-tablets; to Mrs. Bradshaw: thanks for her kindness and understanding even after the bells rang; to Brad Griffin: a milkbone; to Peter Dudley: a spoonful for future plays and my french grade for the last six weeks; to John Hays: some No-Doz-tablets of Mr. Tate's; to Asher Dudley: a double-scoop ice-cream-cone; to Martin Keith: the yellow belt in Karate that he has shown himself deserving of; to Matt Burstead: some extra pencils behind his ears; to Kevin King: a girlfriend to ski with; to Ben Tate: the name of a new barber; to Jim Harwell: my better judgement; to the MBA campus: some Swedish women; to John Smithwick: a doctor of some kind and some Swedish meatballs; finally, to all of those who knew, saw, liked or disliked me: Good luck!!!

I, Edgar Turner Overton, being of unfit body and OPEN MIND, do hereby bequeath the following: to Edward Lams, a lifetime's worth of good jokes; to Mr. Compton, a slide rule for calculating those tough addition problems; to Mr. Disco Dan Herring, my copy of Disco Dancing, which he co-authored; to Chris Wright, some good grape juice; to Steve Parker, Rene's book How To Speak English My Way; and to Ted Rice, a little of my philosophy now and again.

Mrs. Hagan, it was a great year!
Thanks for all your help with the soup kitchen. Latin class was
"OPTIMUS." The school won't be the same without you; everyone will miss you. Good luck in the future!

-- Mauro and Burr

Congratulations to a great Bell Ringer staff

FEATURES

Last Wills and Testaments

nap, three Hindus to dispose of, Reeve abuse, the right to kill Johnny, a brisk pace (you need it), all of my briefs (all four of them); to Hal Jones, a Russian farmer who feels encircled, the words "I don't know", my J.V. record (17-0), a Talking Heads album to repel Johnny; to Brad Griffin, M.B.A. shows, the bass section, a Sopwith Camel; to Brian Stephenson, a lead role; to Peter Dudley, a loud voice; to Matt Bumstead, a three-octave vocal range; to Erling Mork, all the 1000 year-old theater makeup at school; to Forrest Conner, a new desk; to Dr. Thomas, the ashes to my tenth-grade notes, and my hopes that her future career will be as successful as her present one; to Mrs. Lowry, my thanks; to Mr. Compton, the AP that I refuse to take; to Mr. Herring, a pair of pants and a convertible top; to Ms. Stevens, seventh period studyhall, and all my havforf paraphernalia (send some more to Philly); to Mr. Elliot, both pages of my AP Government notes.

I, John Rawlings, being of radically militaristic mind and organically polluted body do hereby bequeath the following items: to Mr. Herring, I leave a new transmission and a tailgate for his truck; to Mr. Womack, all my *Soldier of Fortune* magazines in hopes that he will be able to comprehend the meaning of democracy; to Guy Logan, 800 gallons of water for his truck (the pool); to Andy Crowe, a new car and my

knowledge of the military; to all science students, my ability to make explosives; to Andy Rosen, a pickup truck; to Travis Jackson, my ability to dissect lab animals and Carl P. Mayfield; to Charles, a hot red lawn mower with a 427, fuel injected, turbo charged, overhead cam engine in hopes that he will set a new ground speed record while cutting the grass on the hill; and to Frank Crowell, the wild blue yonder.

I, Kyle Rogers, do hereby bequeath: to my turomes, I leave a chart of the polyatomics and a mole of elephants; to Chas, the office of Head Varsity Soccer Manager and a Mandebrot Set; to John, my chemistry notes; to Mark, a dent in my car and some anti-shrinking pills; to Mr. Bostick, various programs and tips, and a Corvus Survival Kit; to Andy, my password and some computing scruples; to Clay, the ability to think internally; to Clint, a Cray XMP and my computing knowledge; to Lawrence, a book about Pascal; to Travis, musical admiration; to Sprague, Stein, Murphy, and Hall, a bunch of bananas and a cup kite; to Jimmy and Barry, a pH meter; to MBA, thanks. And to everyone I forgot, everything else.

I, Robert Rollins, being of questionable mind, but sounded body than Andy Davis, do hereby leave the following: to Storm Sommer, all the chemistry homework I did and he did not, a place to go, some

normal friends, my jeep (ha ha), and luck in the final days of the Storm Revolution; to Bill Hitt, let's face it Bill, a life; to Matt Bumstead, my weight class and the awesome responsibility of maintaining the 126 lbs. tradition of excellence; and to Andy, Tom, Jonathan, Tim, Dave, and Jeff, one last word... you're all Geeks!

I, Andrew Rosen, being of masochistic mind and correspondingly exhausted body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Tommy Vanderver, a one-year course in how to shoot pool, and some fuzzy dice and a Motley Crue bumpersticker for his cruiser; to Jay Knowles and Kurt Gilleland, a dozen Krispy Kreme doughnuts, the eternal sorrow of being without Roger next year, and my phone number in St. Louis next year (you may need it!); to Edward Lams, a personal hygiene kit, and a little control on the mat; to Sheldon Griffin, a Shelby GT whatever whatever, and another year of wrestling with Edward; to Todd Wise, a vacane 145/167 slot in the lineup, the responsibility to harass overweight people when you are far underweight, and my famous ability to be ahead six points in the second period and still lose a match (you may already have it!); to Mr. Killian, a new box of cotton, and the 'Most Likely to Give Embarrassing Awards' Award; to Dr. Crowell, a Cray XMP for science fair projects; to Mrs. Hagan, a Guide to Making

Cheescakes Without a Secret Recipe; to Dr. Niemeyer some Passion over Reason, and hopefully some knowledge of desktop publishing; and to Mr. Bostick, the opportunity to use a real computer next year.

I, David Rumsey, do hereby bequeath: to Bob Napier, my 1977 lemon-yellow Ford Pinto to alleviate the frustrations he has had with his own car, to whoever wants it, my munching ability.

I, Jeff Ryu, being of sleepy mind, do hereby leave: to Mark Lavigne, a years supply of snacks and a darkroom; to Matt Bumstead, a book on how to look upset; to Jane Hong, anything that she'll accept; to Mr. Compton, a Calculus AB book; to Mr. Tate, a box of Kleenex and a bottle of aspirin; to Mr. Regen, a complete set of black clothing; to Lanson Hyde, 40 roles of film; to Chet Frist, some bones and joints; to Jeff Joe, a book on morals since he won't get them from his brother; to Sheldon Griffen, my love of school; to Sugela Tu?, a vacane 145/167 slot in the lineup, the responsibility to make tremendous personality and value changes over a single summer; to the legacy of Josh Easter, I leave whatever remains of any desire of mine to stay in the South; to Clint Fawcett, I give the time-worn lesson: "life ain't fair, whoever told you it'd be is a liar" and a charge: "live with it!", also, an icepack, a pint of fungus infected blood, and regenesis; to the Republican crew, I leave nothing for them to attack; to Mark, I leave my thoughts on the divinity of Harlan Ellison and my book *How To Deal With Women*.

I, Scott John Sprague, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Chris Hall, a bowling ball, some mint juleps, and a six-foot frame; to John Smithwick, my pediatric's license and a nonclub left foot; to Felix McConnell, my reverence for Moses; to Trey Kirby, some real soccer skill and my good boots; to Mr. Lanier, four exchange students for next year's team; to Mark LaVigne, something other than plaid to wear in Brentwood; to Rob Murphy and David Fletcher, some new gold chains; to Bill Cherry, another great studio art class; to Rolland, some earplugs; and to all the students at MBA next year, the easy task of proving the domination of the male race to the housewives of Harpeth Hall once again in the volleyball game.

I, Temp Sullivan, being of sound mind and very able body do hereby leave the following: to Wendell Harmer, all the Mack's Cheesburgers; to Mark LaVigne, all the female

1987-88 Class Officers

Student Council

Honor Council

Senior Class

President.....	Richard Speight
Vice-President.....	Edgar Bueno
Secretary.....	Jim Norris
Treasurer.....	David Spickard

President.....	Steve Jobe
Vice-President.....	Jay Riven
Secretary.....	Robb Ludwick
Treasurer.....	Alex Rice

Junior Class

President.....	John Smithwick
Vice-President.....	John Henry Rice
Secretary.....	Drew Robison
Treasurer.....	Billy Frist

Representative.....	Andy Patterson
Representative.....	Matt Bumstead
Representative.....	George Crawford

Sophomore Class

President.....	Dan Brooks
Vice-President.....	Ronald Francois
Secretary.....	Matt Fisher
Treasurer.....	Nate Sewell

Representative.....	George Clements
Representative.....	Billy Crawford

FEATURES

Last Wills

problems; to Mr. Compton, all the Calculus integration ever imagined; to Renard, the noseguard position; to Steve Zibas, 100 lbs. and some speed; to Bob Napier, the pain of extra points; to Coach F. Elliott, all the mud on the football field; The Official Montgomery Bell Shoe Polish Artist; to Coach M. Elliott, the desk and chair.

I, Timothy Michael Wallace, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath my secondary school possessions in the following manner as I move on to a land of higher education and excitement: to David Fredrickson, I leave a copy of Webster's Hackneyed Words and Phrases as well as a key to my house in order to thank him for all the times Rand made room for me to spend the night; to John Smithwick, I leave a six pack of Dr. Pepper so that he can enjoy next year's spring as much as this year's and a three month pass to the Duke Soccer Camp so that can spend his entire summer reliving the good times; to the remaining Distortion Hawgs, Ben Tate, Richard Speight, and Drew Nord, I leave a long list of our groupies, a songbook extended to 12 songs, and a worn-out Long Ryders tape so that the essence of the Hawgs will never die; and to the rising senior class of English IV lovers, I leave the immortal words of Ghoisbuster Egon Spengler, "print is dead."

I, Bobby Whitson, do hereby leave: to Peter Dudley and Brandon Tate my love for the incredible mule; to Matt Bumstead those horrible days when absolutely nothing goes right; to David Spickard my inability to stay on my feet and

pile on late in football; to Renard Francois the supremacy of the Confederacy; to Brad Reese my pitching abilities in the Hillwood game; to Edgar Bueno my painstaking times trying to get Service Club workers; to Jeff Owen my running sprints in Florida; to Drew Robison my making Owen look good kicking field goals; and to Mike Morrissey my sunny days in the outfit when you can't see.

I, Fleming Witt, do hereby leave the following: to Bill Cherry, the King as a doubles partner; and to Arthur "King" Henderson, a normal neck.

I, Frank Downey, do hereby leave the following: to Matt Bumstead, I leave one salad, sheets, and one copy of *The Three Musketeers*; to Billy Frist, I leave two more years of wrestling, and the honor of ragging on Chad; to Greg Downer, I leave some bottled noise for the wrestling room and also two more years of wrestling; to Dan Brooks, I would like to leave the honorary weight class of 185; to Chris Cigarran, some more noise; to Dulla, I'd like to leave the right tackle position; to Mike Poe, a playbook small enough to take with him on the field; to Jim Harwell, 1 one-dollar bill with a string attached so he can have fun on an elevator; to Marc Smith, I would like to leave a book, *1,000,000 Answers to All Kinds of Stupid Questions*, one more long year of football, one real dog, Dixie not Buckey Maco; to Mike Morrissey, some sun; to the entire Junior Class, I would like to leave Po Folks and Mack's; and to my little brothers Paul and John, if MBA is still here, as good a four years as I have had.

Senior Superlatives

Most Popular.....	Charles Mayes
Most Likely to Succeed.....	Tommy Frist
Friendliest.....	Tom Humphreys
Most in Love.....	Bobby Whitson
Most in Love With Himself.....	Trey Spence
Biggest Grub(argues for higher grades).....	Brennon Martin
Least Likely to Reach 21.....	Andy Crowe
Most Contemporary.....	Travis Jackson
Wittiest.....	Bob Pate
Most Athletic.....	Jay Stroman
Most Intelligent.....	Kenji Kono
Biggest Goldbrick (lazist).....	Dave Enkema
Most School Spirit.....	Chip Blaufuss
Lowest on the Darwinian Scale.....	Rob Cheek
Most Likely to Aid the Contras.....	John Rawlings
Most Likely to "Bag-it".....	Sunil Malkani
Most Likely to Go Bald.....	John and Scott Boone
Least Likely to Ever Think He's Wrong.....	Brad Reed
Biggest Social Lion.....	Will Meyer
Most Likely to Be a Farmer.....	Andy Finchum
Most Likely to Be a Missionary.....	Johnny Thompson



Bell Ringer photo by Jeff Syu

Tom Humphreys Named UVA Echols Scholar

by Bill Penel

In late April, Tom Humphreys received word from the University of Virginia that he had been admitted into the Echols Scholars Program at the school. The program gives academic privileges for all four years at the University, and Freshmen in the program are offered the opportunity of living in a special dorm.

Competition for the program is stiff, with only the students with high class rank, scores, grades, and outstanding extracurricular involvements being admitted into the program. The Echols

Scholars are not required to choose a major, nor must they fulfill distribution requirements. All classes, both undergraduate and graduate, are open to qualified Echols Scholars. The scholars are given special advisory attention by senior professors. Finally, the program provides a unique residential community in which scholars may choose to live in a dorm designated to Echols Scholars. Tom is looking forward to participating in the program with great anxiety. Many congratulations to him at the beginning of a new academic career!

Mrs. Bowen Retires

Continued from Page 1

mentor of 7B (seventh-grade honors homeroom) will leave MBA on retirement for long-deserved relaxation, rest, and time for traveling.

Graduates never forget Mrs. Bowen after leaving MBA. Everyone remembers the hectic contests in English grammar where each member of the winning team got a 100 on his six-weeks average.

Members of 7B remember Mrs. Bowen's accuracy at guessing the age of most anyone in the almanac within

five years. If you were lucky enough for her to miss your question, you got a mini to suck on during study hall while everyone else stared at you in jealousy.

Mrs. Bowen is also well-known for introducing MBA boys to the MBA theme form, which sticks with them all through high school. One graduate jokingly claims that he got a negative grade on a theme but admits that writing experience is one of the best things he got out of MBA under Mrs. Bowen.

Another thing that Mrs.

Bowen teaches is something in which you never get a grade but something nonetheless that is one of the most valuable skills learned at MBA. Responsibility. From one's first day in MBA English, one learns that when the teacher says to bring a certain book to class, one does it.

Former MBA junior scholars remember the one-question "all or nothing" pop quizzes over literature in seventh grade, and all remember Mrs. Bowen's desk with all the gadgets that were so tempting to touch. Who could forget doing chores around the room for "merits," which would alleviate possible future demerits? Or the easter-egg game each spring?

Continued from Page 5

for the 1985/86 school year. Again, student abusus continued and furniture was damaged on several occasions.

At the start of this school year, the Roberts Room was not opened for general student use during the first seven periods. However, groups such as FCA, the Honor Council, and the Board of Trust were allowed to use the room for their meetings.

Near the middle of the school year, it was decided that the History Room of the library would be used as a general student rest/study area. Students were required to sign out for the History Room at the same time that library signouts were made. Of course, all of those using the

History Room are monitored by Mrs. Simmons and Mrs. Miller, our librarians. Previously, all students had been allowed to use this room during their lunch period and eighth period. Privilege list students had been allowed to use the History Room during their regular study halls. At this time, the History Room serves as the general student study/relaxation area.

Will the Roberts Room be re-opened for general student use? The faculty and the administration certainly hope so, for this was the stated purpose of the room at the time of its dedication. In the future, perhaps MBA students will be able to act maturely and use the Roberts Room effectively and without abuse.

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Good Luck!

Michael Robert Roy Todd



FEATURES

Juniors Visit Southern Colleges

Guided by George, their fearless driver, the junior class began their quest for the optimum institute of higher knowledge on Friday, March 13. They were looking for an institute that would give them the toughest mental and spiritual challenge possible. The first destination of the quest was the city of Atlanta where the adventurers visited Georgia Tech and Emory University. At Georgia Tech, the travelers witnessed possibly the largest collection of computer hackers this side of M.I.T. Polyester highwaters, tinted glasses, and pet computers were all standard features. Our tour group was impressed to learn that a group of Georgia Technicians, through use of modern computer technology, has discovered that New Coke is sweeter than Old Coke, a lesson that certainly baffled all. At Emory, the group was impressed by the fertile campus and the awe-inspiring student center. Everyone was horrified, however, that former President Jimmy Carter does not teach here but only lectures a few times a month when pleased to his tedious schedule.



Richard Speight delights all at Monticello

Next this hoard of insane juniors traveled to Greenville, South Carolina where Quality Inn made a pleasant resting place for Friday night. This rest did not last long, for early Saturday morning the juniors resumed their quest for the supreme learning environment when they arrived at Furman University. After Furman the juniors learned the true meaning of the word pain as they began a seven hour bus ride to Lexington, Virginia. This ride was certainly no waste of time,

for a world's record was set when twelve people attempted to watch *Amazing Stories* on a two inch T.V. Without a doubt this was the most people ever to watch this fine show. Being under the impression that Washington and Lee was close, a few brave souls ventured there to play basketball and view the social scene on Saturday night. Then the quest turned to the University of Virginia where a grand tour was led by possibly the only female in the world with four different shades of blonde hair. All were certainly delighted when running into M.B.A. graduate Bill Cochran who eloquently described the benefits of U.Va. Next came an extremely popular tour of Monticello, home of Thomas Jefferson and summer home of Mr. Drake. One cannot help but to notice the importance and relevance of this visit to the future decision of what college to attend. Sunday night was spent in a Hampton Inn at Chapel Hill. Monday brought forth Duke and U.N.C. to the eyes of the travelers. At U.N.C. a few privileged souls witnessed J.R. Reid hurrying to his next academic class to further enrich and challenge his mind. At Duke the unbearable cold and rain hindered the complete enjoyment of this fine institution. M.B.A. graduate John Tate painstakingly guided some boys pointing out all essential academic facilities.

Northeastern College Trip

Early March 13, eight juniors gathered at Metro airport for their 8:45 departure to the cold (and at that time snowy) Boston, Mass. Once in Boston, we braved cab rides of anywhere between 60-70 miles per hour in 40 mile zones as we visited Harvard, Boston College and Boston University. Chaz Hewgley and David Chen saw M.I.T. rather than Boston U.

We experienced Boston's subway at night (Todd Wise's favorite way of meeting people) and the sanguine attitude at Fenway Hall on the weekend of St. Patrick's Day. At 5:00 on Saturday afternoon, we boarded our 22 seat bus, in which most people used more than one seat and Park Thomas used four. We rolled into Williamstown, Mass. one hour late (our

standard arrival procedure was to add one hour to the itinerary) after Billy, our 380 lb. bus driver who had never in his life ventured out of Boston, backed up when he missed an exit sign on the interstate. We met Carter Brothers at his dorm and sampled the party life at Williams. The next morning, we had an organized tour of Williams. Later that day, we went to Amherst, where we met George Bueno, Edgar's brother and MBA graduate, for a tour. He said Amherst was "intense." We then trekked to dorm rooms, and others did not sleep. At 7:45 the next morning, we mounted the bus once again. We travelled to Yale, Connecticut College, and finally Princeton. We ate dinner with Morgan Wills and then all but Edgar Bueno and Sterling Price, who slept in Morgan's dorm, returned to the hotel for sleep and/or pay cable movies. The next morning, Tuesday, we had a tour of Princeton and a visit to the bookstore. When Billy was asked how we were going to travel from Princeton, N.J. to Philadelphia, he replied honestly, "I don't know," and shook his head. We arrived at the University of Pennsylvania, whose campus, although definitely an urban school, was isolated from the city and had plenty of grass and space.

We would like to thank Mrs. Price for excellent chaperoning and coolness on the grueling five-day, ten-college trip.

Monday night was spent at Winston Salem where a group of basketball seekers were taken to Wake Forest campus by M.B.A. graduates Paul Bond and Andy Wattsworth. Because of the shady characters of these boys they were denied access to the Wake Forest Gymnasium. The basketball game was thus held outside until rudely interrupted by a trio of local high school females screeching into the parking lot in their '77 hotrod Pinto. Winston Salem should be proud.

Tuesday brought the official tours of both Wake Forest University and Davidson College. At Davidson the travelers were entranced by the vastness of the campus.

On the trip home, the juniors were plagued by unbearable heat inside the bus until someone discovered the pleasant coolness of the windows. Immediately half nude bodies were being pressed against the windows in hopes of some relief. After arriving back at M.B.A. all the weary voyagers agreed that this college trip had certainly been useful and that they were glad having spent five days on a bus with people they see every day of their lives rather than running on some warm beach.

All gave thanks to Mr. Drake, Ms. Stevens, and George for their trip, and everyone agreed their quest for this optimum institute of higher learning had just started.

Brennon Martin Gets Morehead

Continued from Page 1
sports or in other ways."

In an interview with Brennon, the Bell Ringer discovered how he qualified for and won such an award. Presently, he is taking four Advanced Placement courses: English, French IV, Calculus AB, and American History. (He also took Government during the first semester.) Even with such a rigorous schedule, he has made the Headmaster's List every time this year. It is no wonder that he was inducted into Cum Laude his Junior Year. Also, his extracurriculars include FCA, co-editor-in-chief of the annual, member of Totomo (also inducted in his Junior Year), and a trip to France last summer. This trip was not purely a pleasure trip; Brennon was an intern under the ambassador of the United States Joe Rogers. Brennon learned about the embassy, performed clerical duties, and attended

receptions on behalf of the United States. Before retiring from track in order to put more work into the annual, he was also one of the top sprinters on the club.

What exactly attracted Brennon to this scholarship in the first place? "I was interested in UNC anyway, but what is so unique is that there is nothing else like this scholarship in the nation because of the summer programs." These summer internships are different each year with the student's getting to choose which ones he wants. The summer before his Freshman year, he will participate in an Outward Bound program; the next summer, he may work in a major Police Department in the nation; the next summer, he will work for a major corporation in the country; and his last summer, he can choose a program catered to his career or an overseas study.

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ENTERTAINMENT

The Smiths Louder Than Bombs

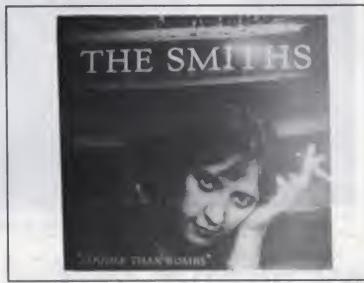
by Travis Jackson

Though it provokes a few angry grunts and takes a bit of getting used to, *Louder Than Bombs* is the fifth (fourth if you don't buy imports) classic album from the Smiths. By including several UK-only releases (from *Half of Hollow*) and several hard-to-find flip-sides with seven new songs, they have managed from the first chord of "Is It Really So Strange?" to the final strains of "Asleep," to hand us a double record with depth.

The seven new songs on the album show a bit of daring experimentation on the part of Messieurs Morrissey and Marr. The overall sound of the band, as is the case with each successive album from them, is markedly different. More than ever before, Marr's musical compositions are coming into their own. The complexity and

variety is stunning as when one compares the Bauhaus-esque songs "Sweet and Tender Hooligan" and "Louder" with more straightforward songs such as "Half a Person" and "You Just Haven't Earned It Yet, Baby." The lyrics are also much less self-important than they have been on previous albums. Morrissey reaches out of his shell of insecurity and wailing to address such topics as homo- (or bi-) sexuality, the injustice of court systems, self-determination, and the emptiness of popular music (ironic, eh?).

The high points are numerous. The almost unchecked forward motion of "Sweet and Tender Hooligan" and the distortion and feedback-drenched ambience of "London" are the most impressive points on side I. The first single from the album, "Shoplifters of the



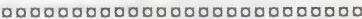
World Unite," has an infectious melody and catchy, persuasive lyrics, as does "You Just Haven't Earned It Yet, Baby." The album also includes a host of classic Smith oldies culled from *Half of Hollow* among

re-recording of "Back to the Old House," the inclusion of "Hand in Glove" which has been on two previous albums, and the omission of such notable songs as "Accept Yourself" and "Jeane." With those exceptions, these songs present to domestic buyers the best of *Half of Hollow*, an album they probably never knew existed.

Perhaps the most impressive songs on the album are the nine singles and B-sides. By far the most outstanding of these songs is the remake of the Twinkie's 1965 song "Golden Lights." Remember the depth that was mentioned earlier? Here is one example of it: Morrissey tones down his plaintive whine for three minutes of musical beauty.



Bombs!



Madonna: Actress?

by John Gupton

Madonna. The name has become a paradox. At one time, upon hearing the word, one might imagine an angel-looking mother holding the Christ-child. Now, however, the name often summons different mental pictures and they are far from angelic. Madonna the singer has made a name for herself as the bad girl of rock and is a music phenomenon known around the world. Her musical career has flourished, and she has set many records, establishing herself as one of the most successful female recording stars of all time. Through her new-found celebrity status, Madonna smoothly made the transition from pop singer to promising actress. Now, though, a problem arises. Rumors have been circulating (on MTV, etc.) that Madonna may relinquish her musical career to pursue acting full time. As a singer, she has been a phenomenal success, but now, as she may be abandoning her musical roots for an acting career, there is one question in the minds of Madonna's fans (i.e. John Overfield) as well as her critics (Drs. Crowell and Niemeyer): will Madonna achieve her life-long dream of being a glamorous movie star, or will she become a faded former celebrity? Here today gone tomorrow?

With her first film, *Desperately Seeking Susan*, Madonna started her acting career with a bang. As the hip, carefree title character, she garnered much praise. In her

first screen role, Madonna's self-assured manner exuded confidence. She was witty, charming, and completely natural. However, her appeal wore off with her next movie, *Shanghai Surprise*. Its plot concerns an innocent young missionary named Gloria (played by Madonna) in search of stolen opium. Gloria is altruistic, serious, and sometimes prudish. In other words, this character is a far cry from Madonna's projected persona and proved too much of a challenge for her. As a result, her performance was strained and mechanical. The movie was an all-around disaster and Madonna experienced her first major setback.

Now comes her chance to redeem herself and realize her dream of being a movie star with the release of the summer film *Who's That Girl*? The plot sounds promising: Madonna plays a street smart ex-convict who becomes involved with a yuppie and totally disrupts his life. In a role that lends itself to her flair for comedy, she should excel. Still in the planning stages is the movie *Blue Angel* to be produced by Diane Keaton and starring Madonna in a part originated by Marlene Dietrich. Whether or not Madonna will become an accomplished actress remains to be seen, but if she can exhibit the same combination of determination, ambition, and enthusiasm in her acting career as she has in her music career, there should be no stopping her.

Jokes of the Music Business

by Ben Tate and Jay Knowles

Pop music... musicians who are so bad they cannot even succeed in gospel music so they call themselves underground and become stars on 91 Rock... Journey's Atari cartridge, more fun than Missile Command... Corey Hart. Are he and the lead singer of Glass Tiger the same person?... William Golden, recently kicked out of the Oak Ridge Boys. Rumor has it that he will be joining ZZ Top in the near future... Michael Jackson... Foreigner's album titles: Foreignor, Double Vision, Head Games, Foreignor 4, and now Agent Provocateur. With this most recent title you have to drink Dom Pariagon instead of Bud while listening to it... Phil Collins and Genesis

(for God's sake)... television stars gone rock n'rollers, such as Don Johnson, and that fine musician, David Hasselhoff (can David make it without the car?)... any band with one hit who couldn't buy a hit afterwards (i.e., the Village People, Men Without Hats, Big Country, and Rick Springfield)... K.C. and the Sunshine Band. Twenty years from now, people will be saying, "Gee, I wish they'd get back together!"... the Beach Boys. Twenty-five years later and nothing new except pot bellies... Eric Clapton. Once the greatest guitar player around, with songs like Layla, Sunshine of Your Love, Whiteroom, Crossroads, and Lay Down Sally, he now couldn't buy a guitar solo at a solo mart. The



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ENTERTAINMENT

New Classic Hoodoo Gurus

by Brent Allen

Rapidly rising toward fame, the Hoodoo Gurus have released a new album entitled *Blow Your Cool*. Their third record, *Blow Your Cool*, slightly differs from the earlier two in style and in content. Whereas *Storage Romeo* has a "death motif," and *Mars Needs Guitars* a riding the ragged edge of disaster feeling; *Blow Your Cool* focuses on unrequited love and bad fun. This album has a harder edge than the other ones; there is less emphasis on drums and bass, and more on lead guitar. As testimony to the growing popularity of the Gurus, the Bangles, the Dream Syndicate, and several other music notables sing back up and guest vocals on many songs. The album begins with the poppy "Out the Door," "What's My Scene," and "Good Times." All three are good songs, but are nevertheless destined to become Top-40 hits

anyway. "I Was the One" returns to the crooning melodies of later songs on the other Gurus albums, much like the lull before a storm. The storm

To anyone who has heard of The Hoodoo Gurus, *Blow Your Cool* is a needed addition for his collection.

arrives with the last two cuts on side A. "Hell for Leather," a Hell's Angels theme song, and "Where Nowhere Is" are definitely the best songs on the album. They rocket the pace to unbelievable levels to strengthen the transition between side A and side B. This fact brings us to another novelty of this album, for the Gurus. Unlike *Mars Needs Guitars* and *Storage Romeo*, *Blow Your Cool*

Cool has excellent songs on side B as opposed to dying there and leaving a sour taste in the listener's mouth.

The side begins with "In the Middle of the Land," continuing the pace of the first side. It shows the listener down with "Come On" and "My Caravan" before blasting him with the last two tracks. "On My Street" and "Party Machine" are just plain rollicking, fun songs. Much like "The Devil is My Friend," these cuts have few, if any, morally or socially redeeming qualities. They are spontaneous, senseless tunes with a lot of rhythm and swing to thoroughly excite the listener.

Blow Your Cool is in my opinion nearly as good as *Storage Romeo*. To a Gurus tyro this means nothing. To anyone who has heard of the Hoodoo Gurus before, it says that *Blow Your Cool* is a needed edition for his collection.

The Return of The Dead?

by Scott Galloway

Rumors may be coming true. 1987 could be the year in which the Grateful Dead record their first studio album since 1980's "Go To Heaven." The anticipation of this new album is due to the fact that the band has been performing two new songs, "When Push Comes to

Shove" and "Black Muddy River," in concert. Rumor has it that the Dead have been recording since 1987. This will be the band's twenty-first album. Bob Dylan will be touring temporarily with the Grateful Dead and may join Jerry Garcia in some additional sets.

U2 Returns With
The Joshua Tree

by Oman Sloan

Bono, the Edge, Adam Clayton, and Larry Mullen Jr. have finally released a new album. *The Joshua Tree* amazingly has all new songs and each is great. Leading off the album are "Where the Streets Have No Name" and "I Still Haven't Found What I'm

Looking For." The songs have a quiet, relaxing beat accompanying the Edge's familiar guitar licks. "With or Without You" centers more on Bono's vocals and Adam Clayton's bass playing. During the chorus, the Edge and Larry Mullen Jr. take over and quicken the tempo of the song. In "Bullet the Blue Sky," Larry Mullen Jr.'s drum beat with Adam Clayton's bass playing creates a deep, definitive rhythm while the Edge, playing the piano, accompanies Bono in "Running to Stand Still." "Red Hill Mining Town" and "In God's Country" exhibit U2's ability to mold great songs. In "Trip Through Your Wires," harmonica solos are spread throughout the song. "One Tree Hill" is the best song on album. The music is performed perfectly, and Bono sings flawlessly in such lines as "he runs like a river... to the sea." "Exit" and "Mothers of the Disappeared" end the album with the familiar style of U2. I have waited for a new album from U2 with all new songs, and *The Joshua Tree* reaffirms my faith in their ability to write new songs.

The Fleshtones: Revivalists &

by Scott Galloway

This is not The Fleshtones' latest album, but it is probably their best. The Fleshtones' main influences are The Yardbirds and early Rolling Stones. *Roman Gods* has a definite sixties sound. Peter Zaremba, the band's lead singer, once said something to the effect that The Fleshtones were just a band who wrote a bunch of songs like "Louie, Louie". Peter Zaremba is also the host of I.R.S.'s *The Cutting Edge*, which is a show on M.T.V. that focuses on bands that are up and coming or have albums on the I.R.S. label. The members of The

Fleshtones are Bill Mihizer: Drums, Marek Pakulski: Electric Bass, Peter Zaremba: Vocals and Electric Piano, Keith Streng: Guitar, and Gordon Spaeth: Alto Sax and Harmonica. The first song on *Roman Gods* is "The Dreg." "The Dreg's" rough beat is similar to the beginning of "I Can't Get No Satisfaction" by the Rolling Stones. It is one of the best songs on the album. "Stop Fooling Around" is also a good song which features Zaremba's incredible vocal range, Spaeth's trademark guitar sound, and Spaeth's cheerful tempo harmonica. The best songs are "R-I-G-H-T-S", "Let's

See The Sun", and "Shadow Line". "R-I-G-H-T-S" is an up tempo song, which sounds recorded live. "Let's See The Sun" has close resemblance to "Brown Eyed Girl" by Van Morrison. "Shadow-Line" sounds like a song that the White Animals or the Rave-Ups might sing. On this album, there are two instrumental songs, "Chinese Kitchen" and "Roman Gods". Surprisingly, however, these songs are good. "Chinese Kitchen" sounds like a song that could easily be on "The Fat Albert Show" soundtrack. A unique song on *Roman Gods* is "Ride Your Pony" because it sounds like a song that James

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A New, Heavier Cult

by Brent Allen

I truly dislike heavy metal, speed metal, and anyone who decapitates live animals with his teeth. The entire idea seems silly. I must admit, however, that The Cult always had had metal-like leanings. These traces of insanity finally erupted in their new album, *Electric*. Strangely enough, much to my surprise, amazingly, etc. I love it! This album blends The Cult's punk basis with the raw strength of random screams and biting guitars. There is not a single slow song on the album. Whenever you listen to *Electric*, you cannot help but be flooded with adrenaline. "Wild Flower," one of the best songs on the album, tears from the beginning setting a hard tone for the rest of the album. "Peace Dog" questions man's love of war.

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Luncheon Daily
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 The One With Real Country Flavor

ENTERTAINMENT

Platoon: A Review (Sort of)

by Jianbin Shiao

Finally, after everyone has seen the movie, here comes the review. I won't try to describe it and wind up distorting the effect of the movie. If I describe the plot, there's a risk of typing it into one of the numerous blind kung-fu, machine gun, supercop propaganda out there. If I talk about certain scenes, you loyal Bell Ringer readers may think that this reviewer is pulling choice scenes out of the movie. Every scene has significance. Like the hard-to-understand movie, Brazil, each time you watch Platoon, you catch something new. Unlike the esoteric Brazil, Platoon is very realistic. (Hell, unlike any movie we get nowadays) If I talk about its glimpses into the bleakness of mankind is a part, few will see the movie because when some go to the movies they want

entertainment, not depression. Because of the nature of its subject, Platoon is almost a documentary. The movie goes by so fast, scratch that, it goes by fast enough to chop any of those actor-character mergings such as Matthew Broderick's being the same cocky kid in every movie. Its speed is its realism. Platoon doesn't let anyone think about how his papa, which has come and gone as has several hundred dollars per person, or any other part of normal, daily life relates to Vietnam. The movie preserves an important fact we should not forget, that Vietnam was not in Florida, in Europe, in Japan, or in California. Or in the woods of Percy Warner.

Sure, it was in the East, the Orient, but not even the normal Orient. Platoon shows that Vietnam put men not on, but over the edge of what

constitutes humanity, which is really nothing except a Caucasian concept of the ethical structure of man, but is appropriate here.

We have to remember and feel the impact of the movie before the end. If we use the end as a catharsis, we lose the movie's impact. Yep, the end is the reviewer's only gripe about Platoon. As Willard leaves the battlefield, his face in torment, we hear the same man a decade later speaking about rebuilding life. Let's remember that the man who's in the chopper lifting away is not thinking those words. He's thinking some unprintable stuff, not these words full of hope. Plus,

the movie's fade out in yellow light is a fade out, not a symbol of Willard's coming to grace or happiness or whatever you learn in English. What the watcher must recognize is that when

Willard came back, our parents probably called him a baby-killer, immorally violent men, and worse than name calling happened to some. As happened to our grand-parents, as happened to others of that generation. Not all, but too many.

Remember that it is only now ten-plus years later that a realistic similitude is coming out. Platoon's end unfortunately leaves open the possibility for some to interpret good or bad, what veterans went through after the war, a period of time as long as the war itself. Platoon should not be construed as having happened last year. That statement only sounds preposterous. Just shut up and go watch the movie again. What else are you going to do? Watch G.I. Joe or go to church?

Billy Joel in Concert

by Kevin Kruse

On March 15, Murfreesboro got quite a treat. Nearly 10,000 fans went wild in Murphy Center that night. At 8:30, the well-known voice of Billy Joel rang out "a-one, two, a-one, two, three, four" and started his current rock hit "A Matter of Trust."

His amazing musical talents were evident in his second song, "Pressure," which Joel played at an exhausting rate. The audience gave a long standing ovation at the sound of "Piano Man," the song that launched Billy Joel's career.

Halfway through the concert, the crowd erupted to the factory whistle signalling the beginning of "Allentown," Joel's tribute to the sad disintegration of the

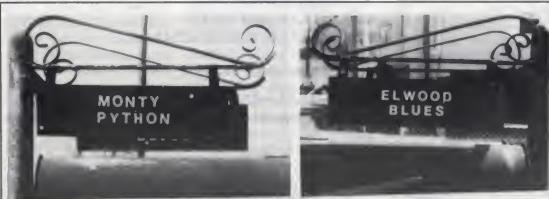
dream of the American working man. The entire auditorium vibrated to the thunderous sound of overhead helicopters as Joel next began his Vietnam anthem "Goodbye Saigon."

During a pause at one point, Joel referred to his lower class background. "When I was in high school, I always wanted to be like this one guy and go out with this one girl. He was so cool, she was so beautiful. I saw them about ten years later, and man, the girl didn't look good at all. The guy was on a prison farm." After a pause, he added, "And I ended up here." And to a heckler who asked where his wife Christie (Brinkley) was, he answered "At home, waiting for me. Slipping into something you'll never

see."

Joel played to all parts of the crowd, even singing an entire song, "Second Wind," to the crowd behind the stage. The concert's second half was full of his milder songs, with even an "a capella" segment in which the group sang his hit "The Longest Time."

His band members, seen on sans, keyboard, guitars, and vocals, were just phenomenal and enthusiastic, as Joel played four encores to the screaming crowd, and, during one, an amazing performance of "Big Shot" in which he rushed across stage, leapt onto the top of his piano, and started playing the song from there. Eventually, Joel had to leave for good, but the crowd was definitely satisfied.



Just to show what a little detective work can do... These photos reveal that two famous comic figures live in Nashville, as a matter of fact, not very far from MBA. We won't tell where they live; look for them if you wish. We think that their mailboxes are interesting. (Is photographing mailboxes a federal offense?)

Lone Justice
Out of Obscurity

by John Gupion

Lone Justice is an underappreciated band. Ingredients such as a charismatic lead singer, catchy tunes, and thoughtful lyrics should insure success, but the band has yet to attain the level of success it deserves. Nevertheless, they have received critical praise, and those with discriminating musical taste recognize Lone Justice as an upcoming group.

According to our own Mr. Regen, "This band is hot." Comparing the lead singer, Maria McKee, to Janis Joplin, he says she is the kind of performer today's audiences are looking for. In performance, while Maria may sometimes seem like she's having a conniption fit on stage with all her shouting and jumping, her energy and enthusiasm are nevertheless infectious.

This same enthusiasm is abundant on the new Lone Justice album *Shelter*. The group's second album marks a change of pace for the band. Country influences are less evident in this latest musical endeavor, and Maria herself admits in a *Rolling Stone* interview, "We've gotten more rock." Certainly, the band displays a sharp rock-n-roll edge to its music in such songs as "I Found Love"; and vibrant rock is what songs like the title track "Shelter" are all about. Despite this new direction for the band though, it remains true to its



ENTERTAINMENT

Prince: *Sign O' the Times*



by Travis Jackson

The career of Prince has spanned nine years and nine albums. Six of those albums, the ones he did with the Revolution, represented his evolution as a performer/musician/wonderchild. This ninth album, *Sign of the Times*, the first truly solo album since *Prince*, showcases him once again as a truly remarkable composer and performer, writing songs and playing all instruments save saxophone and trumpet, but fails significantly to offer any change or growth in his music.

Many of the album's songs represent Prince's return to the greatness of his past. "I Could Never Take the Place of Your Man" recalls the straight, garage-rock sound of his often-copied classic "When You Were Mine." He does experiment a bit more

with the form here though. His solo initially contains all the chops, licks, riffs, and pyrotechnics common to most popular rock music; toward the end, however, after he has "tapped" Eddie-Van-Halen style, he shows that he can also play his guitar with sensitivity, as he manages to do quite handily with all other instruments. In addition, the ballad form which graced his early albums in the mold of "Gotta Broken Heart Again," "Do Me, Baby," and even the Time song "Girl" (which has no songwriting credit but was published by Prince's publishing company) resurfaces in the song "Slow Love." Because this form is so restrictive and restrained, it fails to do much on the whole although the melodic structure is enhanced by overdubs which create during the chorus two separate but equal melodies.

In addition to the feeling that this is "old Prince" we are hearing, i.e. the Prince up to *Controversy*, there are also a number of experiments on the album. For the most part, the production is minimal, with the rhythm section receiving the most prominence in the final mix. The trait is most evident in songs like "Housequake," Prince's answer to house-party

and rap music with a healthy dose of funky bass, "Forever in My Life," which shows an affective assimilation of the elements of a potent style of early 70's R & B typified by Al Green, and the bump-and-grind number "Hot Thing" on side 3. These songs imply what is going on in the middle registers through rhythm and melody.

The album has a number of songs, three in particular, which

simply don't "move" in the way the other songs do. Barely missing this list are "U Got the Look" and "If I Was Your Girlfriend" which, like the others, seem almost too cliché.

When Prince hits the high points on *Sign of the Times*, he hits them directly and forcefully. For example, the title song which addresses topics such as AIDS, drugs, and the explosion of The Challenger, is funky,

album as does the song "It." "It" seems at first merely a melody and a beat, but a closer listening reveals a simple, regular rhythmic pushing the song along. This song moves.

Three of the album's best songs/compositions are "Play in the Sunshine," "Ballad of Dorothy Parker," and "Starfish and Coffee." Of these, "Ballad..." and "Starfish and Coffee" are the most memorable: "Ballad..." for its wit, unity, uniqueness, and motion; "Starfish and Coffee" for its simplicity, complexity, lyrics, melody, and innovation (this song is memorable in the tradition of "Girls and Boys" and "Paisley Park.") Another song is the religious "The Cross."

For the most part, this is a good album. I, however, have, as many others, such as *Rolling Stones'* Kurt Loder, come to expect much more from Prince on each successive album. Since *Purple Rain*, I have been expecting a definitive statement that hasn't yet surfaced either on *Around the World in a Day*, *Parade*, or this album. We know the abilities of Prince as a composer and a performer; what I want to see now is how he will use those abilities to make changes in the world of music besides in the top 10.



are not impressive when placed in the context of the album's high points. These songs are "It's Gonna Be a Beautiful Night" and "Adore," which both seem to lag under their length (9 and 7 minutes respectively), and "Strange Relationships." They

funny, and thought-provoking in much the same way that *Controversy*'s "Annie Christian" was. The hook of the bass line is effective, catchy, and memorable. This song reinforces the notion of minimalism present on the

by Jiannbin Shiao

Never Let Me Down is David Bowie's first major musical release in too long. Don't know who David is? Go find the last *Bell Ringer*, or go to the library. (We know where most of you ignorant readers will go) Anyway, if you've read *Rolling Stone* or *Spin* lately, go to the paragraph after this one. These magazines had articles implying an impending Bowie burnout. He has too many new faces and is becoming a yuppie, they say. Hell, after listening to *Let's Dance* and *Tonight*, they say "becoming?" He did lapse into a period of the ultrconservative safe mannerism and, yes, yuppieness.

Tonight taught Bowie that his fans wanted not safe lyrics but perceptive songs. *Let's Dance* may have been a great success but only by grabbing the enormous top-40 audience, which is about has fickle as a wolf's looking for a place to dispose of bodily waste. His new album is a good bridge out of that mainstream and back to real Bowie and to the sensation one feels after listening to his older releases.

Now using the Bartles and James Scientific Method to decide on which songs to focus this review on>

"Day in Day Out" is the

A Return to Old Bowie

flagship song of *Never Let Me Down*. Bowie himself, on a MTV interview, described the song as a dramatization of what happens when one is in the gutter, and the bottom of it falls out. The song itself uses a lot of heavy rock to get that hard point across.

Incidentally, non-hard-core Bowie fans, this return to cold reality and cynicism is a better sample of Bowie music than the song "Let's Dance," however nice that may sound. "Time Will Crawl" carries on the reality. Bowie sings further into the eighties embracing the disillusionment and of laissez-faire attitude in life instead of fighting to end the wrongs. In the words, "I would not challenge a gran! I could not take on the church," comes clearly the French proverb "C'est la vie." At least more here than in that other song by the same name. In contrast to the useless living in the eighties, "Beat of Your Drum" is a poetical remembrance of good things now past-tense in fashion and present majority in opinion. Bowie seems to describe a wanting to return to some long-ago idol's life and "beat on his drum." A sort of eulogy.

"Never Let Me Down" is a song reminiscent of the past Bowie-Alomar collaborations in writing, most noticeably those songs on the *Tonight* album. The music is much softer as compared to the first songs on Side A and seems idealists. The romanticism, however, is not a statement on the world's realities. It is personal praise, one person to another. Either it reveals that individual, good people make up the cold life envisioned in the other pieces, or the song is simply a promise to stand with an old friend against what the premise songs implied about the globe.

"Zeroes" is potentially one of the best songs Bowie has written in the last half-decade. The lyrics are complex, deep (how I hate this word), and fit the song's sound, a sort of half-mystical and different rhythm, well. The subject of "Zeroes" seems to be the conflict between hopeful inner dreams and perceived outer nads (ask your English teacher... okay, enough of the parenthesis). Is it a rebellion against the standard ballad form? Instead of giving the world, riches, and happiness to the front addressed in the song, Bowie gives "Zeroes," nothing.

and the thought "doesn't matter."

Remember *Diamond Dogs*? One future song of a nuclear-blasted world. Now, "Glass Spider" tells us there's no need for nuclear war because we can find hell elsewhere. I'm sorry I really can't wax poetry more, for some other Bowie fans I know like this any more than I do. Don't take my world for it, I find out for yourself.

The next sounds like a song from a genre whose name fail to be able to recall. All this reviewer knows is that it came from some "genre." Someone else listen to it and tell me. Anyway, "Shining Star," ah hell, go buy the album and listen to it yourself. This review is quickly running out of space and steam. "Shining Star" and the other songs on Side B are great songs; however, this album is too new and Bowie's return from predictable conservatism is too blinding.

These are the latest innovations of the great Dave songs that need more time than the *Bell Ringer* can give.

"Too Dizzy," deep within Side B, however, can be more easily interpreted because of its all-too familiar images of

overwhelming obsessive love which we've all felt at one point or another: Right? Yeah, uh huh, whatever. This song could also be the theme for the movie *The Seduction*. The movie had been done with a different attitude, with more intelligent characters, and a nice plot; you know, on the order of Robert Bloch's *Jack the Ripper*. The imagery in "Too Dizzy" is too vivid and simple to be misunderstood not to be a ballad. Is the lover a possessive jerk, someone in love with the idea of love in idealistic first love, or actually that romantic and foolish? The song, however, is really set off with saxophones, an instrument you don't hear enough in Nashville, I like it.

In essence, this reviewer is cracked because, this reviewer is no,no,no. JUST BUY THE ALBUM,OKAY?!How much more must I rank and rave? It's the first really good Bowie album in a long while. The first in to long that return to the flavor of old classic Bowie while as always showing Bowie's foresight for the innovative. It's a partial return from Yippieism needed one for Bowie to survive. "Never let me down" is good music, and I'm going to sleep. Ominous farewell from the song "87 and Cry," "Now you're ready for the real McCoy." We'll see.

ENTERTAINMENT

A Big List of Senior Pets

compiled by Jiannbin Shiao

Brent Allen
 Rob Baker
 Chip Blaufuss
 John and Scott Boone
 Allen Brown
 Gant Bumstead
 Chris Burch
 Skip Burke
 Trajan Carmey
 Todd Cassety
 Rob Cheek
 Rob Chilton
 Johnathon Cole
 Andy Crowe
 Frank Crowell
 Andy Davis
 David Dillon
 Frank Downey
 David Enkema
 Clint Fawcett
 Andy Finchum
 Brennon Fitzpatrick
 Christopher Fly
 Tommy Frist
 Claiborne Gayden
 Clark Geddie
 Nathan Goldberg
 Louis Gruber
 Tim Hamling
 Clay Hardin
 Tom Harwell
 Rob Hilton
 Steven Hooper
 Mark Hudson
 Tom Humphreys
 Travis Jackson
 John Joe
 Matt Kneeland
 Kenji Kono
 Barry Lancaster

Cats, Little One, Stripe, and Popcorn; Dog, Rusty
 Dog, Snow White; Guinea pig, Frederick
 Cat, Bleu
 Cats, Hillary, Chessie, Little Bit, Lucifer, and Gabriel
 Cats, Marble and Tabby
 Boxer Boa, Alfredo
 Cat, Fly; Dog, Tonto
 Dog, Whit
 Cats, Cat 1 and Cat 2; Dogs, Big Dog and Willamina
 Dogs, Toby and Alice
 Cat, Zo
 Dogs, Mandy, Dudley, and Sassev
 Dog, Raleigh
 Cat, Doncete; Dog, Snuggles
 Dog, Lady
 Dog, General Patton
 Cat, Killer; Dog, Princess
 Dogs, Pixie and Smelly Smerl
 Dogs, Foxy, Duke, and Emv
 Dog, Andy; Cat, Whiskers; Bird, Feathers
 petless
 Dogs, Duck 1, Duck 2, Chris (AWOL); Parakeets, Crog
 and Fluffy
 Dog, Charlie
 petless
 Dog, Dung Eater; Cat, Hatchet Wound and Chicken
 Soup; Fish, Swordtail and Co.
 Dog, Shortie
 Walleby, Spam
 Dog, Goldie
 Cat, Grundy
 petless
 Dog, Suzy; Cat, Smokie
 petless
 Dog, Hollie the Collie
 stepped on his goldfish
 Dog, Rascal
 Dog, Greedy
 Dog, Happyprino
 Dog, Honey (deceased)
 Dog, Brownie
 petless

Paul Lentz
 Guy Logan
 John Mahoney
 Sunil Malkani
 Brennan Martin
 Charles Mayes
 T.A. McKinney
 Sandy Mcleod
 Will Meyer
 Bjorn Nordquist
 Turner Overton
 Steve Parker
 Bob Pate
 Brian Pearson
 Randy Pelaez
 T.K. Pen
 Jimmy Pickel
 Chris Promey
 John Rawlings
 Raju Reddy
 Jay Reynolds
 Ted Rice
 Joe Rich
 Kyle Rogers
 Robert Rollins
 Andy Rosen
 George Ruccio
 David Rumsey
 Jeff Ryu
 Jiannbin Shiao
 Trey Spence
 Scott Sprague
 Jay Stroman
 Temp Sullivan
 Erik Sundell
 Johnny Thompson
 Ted Thompson
 Clay Trabue
 Tim Wallace
 Bobby Whitson
 Robert Willingham
 Fleming Wilt
 Chris Wright
 Jimmy Zibas
 Dog, Reb
 South American Rodent, Cappy
 peless
 petless
 Dog, Whitey; Cat, Kitty; fish, no name
 Dog, Casey
 Dog, Lady
 Dogs, Tay and Verona
 Dog, Truffles; cats, Stumpy and Pepper
 petless
 Cats, Gonzo and The Plague
 Dogs, Molly and Dixie; cat, Carolyn
 Dogs, Chocho and Maggie; cat, Cat
 Dog, Charlie
 Dog, Waldo; cat, Mr. P
 Cat, Cat
 a Cat
 Dog, Sugar
 Dogs, Sergeant and Princess
 petless
 Dogs, Bob and Molly; cat, Ching
 Dogs, Ruthin and P.D.
 Dog, Rosy; cat, Rosy
 Dogs, Brutus and Bocephus; cat, Sinatra
 Dog, Pete; cat, Jaws
 Dog, Sam
 Cats, Henry and Kiki(deceased)
 Cat, Lola
 Dog, Little Bit; cats, Oscar and Felitia
 Cat, Lucky
 Dog, Herchel
 Dogs, Skippy and Whiskey
 Dogs, Baron and Meg
 Dogs, Hershey and Vanessa
 Dog, Daisy
 Horse, Treeseeker; the rest of the farm
 Dogs, Mo, Annie, and Michelle; horse, Keylargo
 Cat, Sparky
 Cat, Gofi; 6 fish
 Dogs, Bozley, Trooper, and Jay Bo
 Cats, Jingle and Harry
 Dogs, Hotsie, Rebel, Rock, and Scooter
 Weimeraner, Cinza
 Dogs, Samantha, Molly, Nelly; cat, Lucky; bird, Pierre



Eye Openers

Family affair. On the weekend of May 10 and 11, the Zibas family was quite active in MBA athletics. On Friday night, senior Jimmy Zibas participated in the regional soccer finals against Father Ryan, where MBA lost a close 2-1 decision. The next day, seventh grader Matt Zibas placed in the HVAC track finals by again breaking the six-minute barrier in the 1600-meter. Then later in the day at the McGavock in the TSSAA Region 3 track meet, junior Steve Zibas

qualified for the state meet in both the 1600- and 3200-meter runs. Steve is the first MBA runner in the state in five years. Hardball. Although the varsity baseball team finished a disappointing third in the district for the regular season at 9-5 (11-7 overall), there were many high points. Brad Reese was tops in the city by batting .457 (32 hits for 70 at-bats). Reese also led metro by hitting 10 doubles. In pitching, Steven Hooper led MBA with a 6-3 record.

State meet. Not many people realize how hard it is to put on a TSSAA state track meet. MBA's hosting abilities prove that the reason MBA has hosted the meet for five straight years is not because of the facilities but because of the diligent people who run it. Thanks go to Mr. Drake, Mr. Pruitt, Mr. Compton, Coach Owen, and basically the whole faculty. The A-AA and AAA meets were definitely great successes.

Money. The pennies that used

to be lingering on the ledge of Carter Hall have now been removed thanks to an ingenious freshman and a legal pad. Clothes. Because of the postponing of a Service Club picture, one smashing sophomore set a possible record for coat and tie appearances by wearing a coat and tie for three straight days.

Little Red Corvette. There

is still confusion as to whether

Mr. Pruitt really was awarded a red convertible at the Sports Banquet because of his fine coaching performance in the

state tennis tournament. Rumor has it that Mr. Pruitt planned on kidnapping a few Creek track members so that Zibas and McNally could win the state team championship... and a new car for Coach Pruitt.

Totomoi. When Charles Mayes tapped Steve Jobe into Totomoi, he caught Paul Moffat's face in his backswing. Paul deserves Totomoi, too, with that unrelenting tap.

Boys State. This summer in June, Will Van Derveer and Brian Hassler will serve as MBA's two delegates to Boys State at Tennessee Tech. Boys State attracts the top student leaders from across the state. Brian and Will were chosen based upon their interests and a faculty selection. This is a very noteworthy accomplishment.

FCA. This summer, many FCA members will go to sports camp in Black Mountain, North Carolina. Leaders for next year's FCA are Matt Bumstead, treasurer; Robb Ludwick, secretary; Emmett Russell, vice-president; and Oooopppliiieeee Spickard, president.

MBA Goes Spanish

by W. Hitt and D. Bobo

At 11:00 A.M. on Thursday March the 12th, seven science fair wearied students set off for a relaxing trip to Spain which at first turned out to be 36 hours without sleep. With layovers in Atlanta and in New York included, three students with a teacher and a mother were in transit for twenty hours. At 7 A.M. the next morning, David Bobo, Brian Hassler, Trey

Everett, Arthur Henderson (and mother), Lyle McDonald, Rob Archer, Bill Hitt, and Dr. Springer arrived in Madrid.

Our sights in Madrid included the Padro, University Square, the Ormy Museum, and the Royal Palace. As we continued to move south, the group saw an ancient castle in Segovia and the Valley of the Fallen marked by an enormous cross ant the figure of Christ.

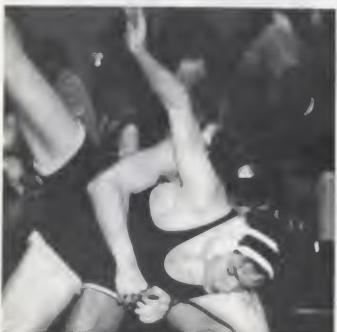
Through all the cities we visited there were many Catholic cathedrals which were laden in gold and still after 400 years still had services in them. In Toledo, the group saw an ancient Roman aqueduct. The trip southward concluded in Toiremolenco after passing the last Arabic stronghold, the Alhambra. The last night was spent either listening to music while relaxing by the

Mediterranean or going to a discotheque to dance the night away.

All in all, the trip was extremely educational and one we would highly recommend. If interested in going in the future, it would be wise to have a meeting first with Brian Hassler in order to discuss the best methods of sleeping, ordering soft drinks, and getting a seat on the Metro.

SPORTS

The Year in Pictures



SPORTS

Surprises in The 8th Annual *Bell Ringer* Bike Race

by Sandy McLeod

The 1987 *Bell Ringer* Bike Race was filled with the thrill of victory, the agony of defeat, and the stench of "Skank." As the race began, three teams were expected to be in the hunt for victory: "Mr. Poston's Groupies" with Sandy McLeod, Brooks Smith, Jimmy Thompson, and Will Vandever; "The Hendersonville Connection" with the Zibus twins, Robert Willingham, and Barry Lancaster; and "We Won" with Jonathan "Holmes" Cole, Robert Rollins, Thayer Smith, and Michael O'Hare. By the end of the race, though, "Playboy Philosophers" composed of Chad "I Can Do Anything if it Involves a Track" Enders, Andy Patterson, Brad Bishop, and Lanson Hyde, won by the use of aerodynamics.

The race was really two races: a race to win, and a race of terrorism. A "Mr. Poston's Groupies," "The Hendersonville Connection," and "Chad's Team" finished within one lap of each other in an intense ending. "Skank" and "Kick Axe" literally blew other teams off

*Bell Ringer* photo by Clark Geddie

the track. After just two laps, Andy Crowe of "Skank" managed to flip some fool over the handlebars of a mountain bike. (By the way, mountain bikes are not good in a race—the mountain bike came in dead last, 3 laps behind the 9th place finisher, "Kick Axe"). John Smithwick came carrying a load of weapons and automatic water pistols, so that "Kick Axe" could wreck general anarchy all over Dr. Neimeyer and the race. In the end, "Skank" defeated "Kick Axe" in a two team duel.

Now to sum up the real ending, "We Won" will have to be called "We didn't Win Again"

*Bell Ringer* photo by Clark Geddie

Freshman Track

by Robb Ludwick

The MBA Freshman track team performed very well this year in spite of the numbers participating. Field events were definitely the strength of the team this year. Alden Smith and Matt Inman were both very successful in the pole vault all year, and in the City Championship, they finished first and second respectively. Smith vaulted 10-6 and Inman 10-0. Dan Brooks and Allan Hunt covered the throwing responsibilities. Hunt placed first in several dual meets and went on to capture fourth in the city with a toss of 129-7. Dan Brooks, who broke the school shot put record early in the season and continued to break his own record each consecutive meet, placed second in the city

with a distance of 47-11-3/4. In running events, Alden Smith and Allan Hunt carried out the sprinting duties, and Smith participated in the Varsity Regional meet in the 4x400 relay at McGavock. The distance events were handled by Andrew Duthie, Caleb Ludwick, Bobby Garth, Jay Bradford, and Brandon Barrett. Jay Bradford performed consistently well in the mile, winning almost every dual

Athletic Awards

Varsity Football

<i>Best Blocker</i>	Temp Sullivan
<i>Most Tackles</i>	Marc Smith
<i>Best Tackler</i>	Trajan Carney
<i>Scrounger Award</i>	Trajan Carney
<i>Coaches Award</i>	Will Meyer
<i>McClure Award</i>	Tommy Frist

Varsity Cross-Country

<i>Coaches Award</i>	Jonathan Cole
	Andy Davis
	Jimmy Zibas

Varsity Golf

<i>Coaches Award</i>	Michael Shears
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Varsity Basketball

<i>Coaches Award</i>	Charles Mayes
----------------------------	---------------

Varsity Wrestling

<i>Coaches Award</i>	Trajan Carney (Most Valuable)
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Greg Downer (Most Pins)

Chet Frist (Most Improved)

Varsity Baseball

<i>Coaches Award</i>	Steven Hooper
----------------------------	---------------

Varsity Soccer

<i>Coaches Award</i>	Scott Sprague
----------------------------	---------------

Varsity Tennis

<i>Coaches Award</i>	Bill Cherry
	Fleming Wilt

Varsity Track

<i>Coaches Award</i>	Todd Cassetti
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appearance in the substate!"

From a friend of MBA

SPORTS

Football Team Gives a Hoot

by Paul Lentz

The 1987 Varsity soccer team led by Captains Scott Sprague and Paul Lentz, seniors Ted Rice, Tim Wallace, Robert Willingham, Bjorn Nordquist, John and Scott Boone, Barry Lancaster, Jimmy Zibas, and ace managers Mark Hudson and Kyle Rogers began its season by destroying FRA 10 - nil in a scrimmage game. Foreshadowing for a very promising season, the game proved to be the only victory before spring break. Two regular season, but non-district losses followed in games versus two state powerhouses in BGA and perennial strength Hendersonville. The wildcats of MBA visited our campus and came away with a fortunate 1 - nil victory in a closely contested match and the Commodores from Hendersonville showed their moxie in a 3 - 1 victory, which was much closer than the score tells with two MBA shots attempted bouncing off posts and the first Hendersonville shot

off an erring clearance by the Big Red. Spring Break followed and with soccer becoming a TSSAA sanctioned sport, the annual pummeling by Florida's Clearwater Chargers was ruled an illegal trip. Not to be daunted by mere rules, the squad travelled to Memphis of Friday the 13th and faced two games that same day.

The Big Red chalked up their first regular season victory 5-2 against Craigmont and that night tied Memphis power Ridgeway 2-2, in the team's best match to date. The following day, a worn out MBA squad played an equally good game and tied Memphis Kirby, 0-0. With some early spring break departures, Colorado and Capitola made early becomings of six MBA players, a weakened Big Red handily defeated Raleigh-Egypt for its final game on Sunday. The season resumed with practice Monday week and the first district contest on Tuesday. MBA defeated USN 3-

nil and went on to defeat another district team Hillwood that Friday 6-nil. Brentwood High, another strong Franklin team, capitalized on two MBA errors and came away with a 2-1 victory after Scott Sprague's score on a brilliant penalty kick. A stronger than usual Father Ryan team visited MBA and played their best match of the year, narrowly defeating a flat Big Red 3-2. Clarksville High School made their way to our campus and suffered the loss of a player to John "Bonecrusher" Boone and the game. One other non-district game followed with MBA defeating McGavock 6-0 with amazing goals by David Fletcher, one from 45 yards out.

The regular season finale came with the Overton game on their pitch. A very closely contested match saw Overton come out on top, but more on Overton later. The regional tournament began the following week and saw MBA romp through the first two rounds, defeating Hunter's Lane and an obnoxious, rude Franklin Road Academy. Now, the Overton re-match was to take place. Scott Sprague's nagging injury having healed enough for him to play, the Big

Red ended regulation play in this semi-final match tied 3-3. Two overtimes were not enough, so the sudden death overtime began and Ted Rice headed in the victory goal and carried the team to the regional finals. Now, one of only 16 teams left in the State competition, MBA was to face the Fighting Irish again.

Sprague's injury was pretty bad and he could only play for the last 20 minutes of the game. The Big Red, obviously flat and limping from the 2 hour contest with Overton, came out on the low end of a 2-1 score. Here ended the season of the MBA soccer team, but with high

hopes for the future and for the death of Father Ryan's obnoxious, smoking on the sidelines coach. Scott Sprague was named MVP of the region and was named as an all-region selection with David Fletcher, Chris Hall, and Robert Willingham. Outstanding play came from Tom Gutow in the backfield, David Fletcher, and Chris "Diego Maradona" Hall. All thanks and gratitude must go to Mr. Bostick and Coach Lanier, who deserved a state championship from his team for his dedication to the players and the sport and his very skillful coaching of the game. Thanks, Coach.



Bell Ringer photo by Clark Geddie

Soccer team celebrates wildly

Upcoming State Champs?

by Brannan Atkinson

At MBA, when the words "spring golf" are mentioned, people roll their eyes and make faces of apprehension and semi-disgust. For those who are seriously into the golf program, spring golf offers an opportunity to begin to play at an early time in the year. By playing in the spring, the golfers are warmed up for the summer tournament schedule. During the summer, the golfers hone their skills so as to be fully prepared to play in the fall. During the spring the varsity golfers, those who will represent MBA in matches in the fall, play a round-robin schedule of matches within the team. This "tournamen" gives the players good experience in head-to-head

competition with their peers. For the people who did not play varsity golf, this spring season provides them with the opportunity to show potential for later years. There are also tournaments during the spring in which several MBA players compete. Among the most prestigious is the Chattanooga Free Press-Coca Classic held every year. Select junior golfers throughout the state of Tennessee are invited to compete. MBA has five of the varsity golfers going to the tournament this year. To put down all nasty and foul rumors, "spring golf" does have an actual purpose and is not just the "fill-in" athletics for those not desiring to compete at another sport.

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Microbe Sports Update

Tennis

by Joe Rich

The 1987 Microbe tennis team has proven itself to be one of the most successful of recent memory. Led by first year coach Cameron Lamphier, the team has demolished all opponents like a pack of wolves descending upon a hapless flock of sheep. In HVAC competition, the team scored victories over FRA, BGA, and Brentwood, as well as defeating archival Earsworth and Northside. In an April trek to Chattanooga, the squad defeated perennial powers McCollie and Baylor by scores of 16-2 and 10-8 respectively. When Baylor dared to ask for a rematch, they were again defeated 5-4 here at MBA. This year, top players for the "Little Red" have been Andy Stoll, Todd Foust, Malcolm Sewell, and Frank Bass, holding the

#1,2,3, and 4 spots respectively. Other key performances have been given by David Fitzgerald, Jackson Vray, and Charlie Bryan. With six seventh graders returning, next year's team should be equally impressive, while the six eighth graders will definitely make a fine contribution to Mr. Posten's varsity squad in future years.

Track

by Rob Archer

Behind the able leadership of Mr. "orange juice, bananas, and pasta" Gaither and Mr. "I-can-beat-Casey-Jones-in-the-400m" Casey Jones, the 1987 microbe track team has established itself as a definite power in the HVAC. They have obtained an 11-0 record over the regular season and, as Mr. Gaither puts it, are "peaking at just the right time."

The individuals of this team are outstanding this year. Jay

Carlisle, who is playing baseball as well, is expected to place in the hurdles and to be one-fourth of the 4x200m team, which has the best time of the league with Crawford, King, and Norment, also. David Hayes is expected to place first in the 800m again with the best time in the league. Casey Jones should do well in the 100m, and King and Norment in the 200m.

The field events are especially strong this year. The "moose" of the team is Chris Vlahos, who should take the blue ribbon in both the shot and the discus this year. MBA also has the four best high jumpers in the league (Waddey, Baker, Carlisle, and Norment), all who can do 5'4" or better. Finally, the long jumpers are all jumping over 17'. Surely, the freshman track coaches are just waiting to get their hands on this squad and its depth.

Winter Weights and Agiles

By Andrew Bond and George Gillett

After a long arduous Football season, as well as cross-country season, members of both of these teams gathered in November to begin weights and agilities. Originally, there were approximately sixty people, but after the first meeting, the number dwindled to about twenty-five. Coach Regen elected as the group leaders:

Edgar Bueno, Michael McNally, Worcester Bryan and, Bob Napier. They were in charge of people such as Mike Poe, Dulla, Brooks Smith, Alex Rice, college-bound weightlifter Rob Chilton and others. The innovation of the jump rope was celebrated as Coach Regen bought about fifty jump ropes for the school. Ben Tate and Wendell Harmer were becoming cocky with their new moves with the jump ropes, but Alden Smith put them as well as everyone else to shame. Everyone worked hard and their physical condition improved greatly. Because of the winter weights and agilities as well as the spring weights under the direction of Coach F. Elliot and Coach Moore, their are high hopes for the athletics for 1987-1988 school year.

SPORTS

Track Team 2nd In Region

by Kurt Tolstoy

Although this year's edition of varsity track had a slow start in the dual-meet season, the team seemed to explode come big-meet season. The latter part of the season saw many MBA athletes surpassing past records and competing well with many fine Nashville athletes.

Before spring break, the MBA track team had bad luck against Hillwood, getting defeated by 29 points. Impressive first-place performances for the Big Red were by Todd Cassety in the 110 high hurdles and 300 intermediate hurdles; the 800 relay of Michael McNally, Worcester Bryan, Rob Archer, and Andy Patterson; and Rob Barrett in the 200-meter dash. Tommy "Chickemana" Vandever showed prowess as a "rabbit" in the mile who jogged the last two laps. The team was definitely plagued by absent basketball players and defecting seniors Travis Jackson and Brennon Martin.

After spring break, however, despite recent bacchanalian revelry for the seniors, the team rebounded to a first-place finish versus Oak Ridge and Pearl-Cohn in a triangular meet. MBA put together an awesome field events crew as Charles Mayes leaped to a 6'2" first place in the high jump, while Johnny Thompson got a PR in the long jump of 21'1". Trajan Carney heaved the discuss a mighty 133 feet, while McNally swept the pole vault. Cassety again sped to a victory in the high hurdles for MBA's only first place in the running events.

Many strong seconds and thirds contributed to the 22-point victory, however. Sprinter Rob Barrett had personal records in the 100-, 200-, and 400-meter dashes, while James Gooch had an impressive 2:05 in the 800-meter run.

The next week, MBA hosted one of the more interesting meets of the season: the Nashville Doug Hall Memorial Relays. This meet was different in that all events (even the field events) were relays. Out of 12 AAA teams, MBA pulled out a strong second place, only behind state powerhouse Whites Creek.

The day started with MBA a strong first in the 4 x 1600 relay (James Gooch, Andy Davis, Lanson Hyde, and Steve Zibas). All MBA milers ran near 5-minute miles. The shuttle hurdles relay was also successful as Archer, Thompson, and Cassety pulled out second place. In the field events, MBA had two first-place finishes with the pole-vault-relay (McNally, Bryan, Gooch) and the high-jump relay (Charles Mayes, Steve Jobe, and Emmett Russell). One of the more spectacular events of the day was the heavyweight (4 x 100 m) relay (a.k.a. "Fat Man's Relay"), where the MBA team of Jeremy Russell, Trey Everett, Demetri Patikas, and Trey Spence took first place. Meanwhile, a Maplewood coach was heard to say, "Does that Patikas kid really weigh 188 pounds?" Overall, the meet was a complete success with thanks to the MBA staff for a fine job of running it.

Then MBA had a rough time

in the claws of the Overton Bobcats in a dual meet, getting downed by 28 points. The only first places came from Cassety in the intermediate hurdles and Steve Zibas, a double winner in the mile (4:43) and 2-mile run. Nonplacing but impressive performances came from Patikas in the shotput, Jobe in the high jump (5'10"), and Rob Barrett in the 400-meter dash with a PR of 52.0 seconds.

That same week, however,

MBA crushed Hillsboro 85-52. The field events began well as Emmett Russell bounded to a personal best of 5'11" in the high jump. Thompson took the long jump with one of numerous 20'-plus jumps, while Trey Spence won the pole vault and Trajan Carney dominated the discus. In the running, MBA won the 4 x 400 (James Gooch, Demetri Patikas, Todd Cassety, Rob Barrett) and 4 x 800 (Chad Enders, Kurt (Truckman) Gilliland, John Hays, Tommy Vandever). In the sprints, Rob Barrett won the 200-meter and the 100-meter, where he achieved a PR of 11.3, a time that put Barrett at #3 on the all-time MBA record list for the 100-meter dash. Steve Zibas' impressive two-mile victory was covered up by the excitement of Hillsboro's Hal Rather's being pulled from the track by his coach because of his ungentlemanly conduct.

That Saturday, the Big Red proceeded to Chattanooga for the Mid-South Classic, a private-school meet in which MBA finished fifth. The most impressive performance was by Rob Barrett, who by finishing

first in the 200-meter dash with a 23.1 was the first MBA runner in 20 years to get an individual first place at this exclusive meet. Also claiming first-place was the 4 x 800-meter relay team of Zibas, Davis, Vandever, and Gooch. Steve Zibas, in addition to the relay victory, ran a second-place 2-mile time of 9:52, just 2 seconds off the MBA record list. Other big performances were Mayes in the high jump (5th), Carney in the discus (5th), and Thompson and Cassety in both hurdle races.

Then the dual/triangular meet season ended with a big disappointment where Brentwood Academy had 73.3 points to MBA's 72.7 and Glencroft's 29. Mayes won the high jump at 6'0", while McNally and Will Meyer tied for first in the pole vault at 11'6". Cassety again won the 300 hurdles, while Zibas again won the 3200 with another subten-minute time. Gooch won the 800-m with a 2:05, while the 800 relay was victorious under the speed of Barrett, Russell, McNally, and Thompson.

Then the big-meet season was here to stay. MBA participated in Overton in the Optimist Relays, which would serve as the Metro/Davidson County Championship. MBA placed a sound sixth place out of 17 teams. Winning field events points were Emmett Russell in the high jump and McNally and Meyer in the pole vault. In the running, the Red was paced by Thompson in the high hurdles and Cassety in the intermediate hurdles. Barrett got sixth in the 200, and then Steve Zibas gave MBA its only first-place by running the 3200-meter with another low 9:50's time.

The next week, the team participated in the Banner Relays at McGavock. This meet, for the first time ever, invited teams not only from Nashville but also from the mid-state in general. Obviously the meet was competitive with 1400 athletes from 53 teams. MBA finished fifth with 37 points, 20 of which were from Steve Zibas, who won a double crown by sweeping the mile and 2-mile. Zibas broke a school record in each event, with a 4:24 in the mile and a 9:36 in the 2-mile (eclipsing the old record here by 14 seconds). Field

events points came from Mayes in the high jump and McNally in the pole vault. The Cassety-Thompson hurdle connection again proved true for MBA (3rd, 5th, respectively), and Gooch was fourth in the mile. This meet put Zibas in second-place in competition for the Nashville Mr. Trackman award.

The next week at McGavock was the TSSAA region 3-AAA meet, one of the most important meets of the year not only because it draws the most competitive teams from Nashville and Middle Tennessee but also because the top two finishers in each event go to the state meet. The field events started well as the Big Red pole vaulters proved themselves the best in the region, with Trey Spence in sixth place, Will Meyer in fourth place, and Michael McNally in second place at 12'6". McNally thus attained a berth in the state meet. Charles Mayes leaped to an impressive 6'2" in the high jump for fourth place.

Junior Steve Zibas led the team by placing second in both the mile and two-mile runs. This feat made Zibas the first MBA runner in the state meet in five years, and probably the first double-event participant in the state meet for MBA ever. Also placing in the finals were the two longer relays. Placing sixth were the 3200-relay of Enders, Hyde, Vandever, and Davis (800 m leg of 2:03) and the 1600-relay of McNally, Barrett, Thompson, and freshman prodigy Aiden Smith. Rob Barrett, in addition to the relay, also placed fourth in the open 400-meter dash, while James Gooch placed a fine fifth in the mile, somewhat shadowed by Steve Zibas. In the intermediate hurdles, Todd Cassety barely missed a state berth by placing third behind two Whites Creek Cobras. The points from these athletes gave MBA a second place finish as a team in the regional meet. Qualifying for the finals but not placing was the 800 m-relay team of Michael McNally, Emmett Russell, Johnny Thompson, and Aiden Smith. This team set a new record with a time of 1:31. The highlight of the meet, however, was definitely that Michael McNally and Steve Zibas qualified for the TSSAA AAA State Meet at MBA.

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High Jump	Charles Mayes	6'2"
Long Jump	Johnny Thompson	21'1.5"
Shot Put	Demetri Patikas	44'10.5"
Discus	Trajan Carney	133'5"
Pole Vault	Michael McNally	13'6" *
100	Rob Barrett	11.3
200	Rob Barrett	23.0
400	Rob Barrett	50.8
800	James Gooch	2:02
1600	Steve Zibas	4:24 *
3200	Steve Zibas	9:35 *
110 H	Johnny Thompson	15.4
300 H	Todd Cassety	40.1
400 relay	McNally, Russell, Archer, A. Smith	44.8
800 relay	McNally, Russell, Thompson, A. Smith	132.9 *
1600 relay	McNally, Barrett, Thompson, A. Smith	329.9
3200 relay	Zibas, Davis, Vandever, Gooch	821.6

* School Record

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SPORTS

Baseball Season Recap

by Jim Norris

The 1987 varsity baseball team, coached by Hank Hopping and Mark Elliot, finished the regular season with a record of 11-7 overall, 9-5 in the district. This year's team was not expected to be as good as past M.B.A. teams, but it surprised many skeptics by finishing tied for second in the district with Hillwood and Overton.

M.B.A. began the season with a strong 6-2 win over Brentwood High, and then they headed to Florida for a week of hard work and fun. In Florida, the team worked for three hours each morning on their fielding, hitting, and pitching, and after a week of practice, the much improved Big Red team returned home to Nashville ready to face a tough schedule. M.B.A. had trouble getting on track, dropping its first three games after returning home, and the

early part of their season was further frustrated by three one run losses in the first eight games. M.B.A. soon started playing better, though, and they finished the first half of the season with a 4-3 district record, which included a strong win over rival Overton. The second half of the district proved to be even better for the Big Red, for they went 5-2 and avenged earlier losses to Hillwood, Antioch, and Glencliff. M.B.A. finished tied for second in the district with a 9-5 district record, and a team that many thought would be only mediocre this season was proving to be one of the strongest teams in the district.

Since M.B.A. did not win the district in the regular season, it had to win the district tournament or finish second to Antioch (the regular season district champs) in order to

move on to the regionals. After losing two coin tosses, M.B.A. was seeded fourth and had to play fifth seed Father Ryan in the first round of the tournament, a single elimination round. M.B.A. beat Ryan soundly behind the strong pitching of senior Steven Hooper, and so they moved on to the four team double elimination tournament to face Antioch. M.B.A. lost a heart breaking pitchers' duel to Antioch 2-0 despite the combined 2 hitter thrower by Marc Smith and Steven Hooper. M.B.A. next faced Overton, a game they had to win in order to move on. Steven Hooper again pitched a brilliant game, but M.B.A. was not quite able to hang on to their lead and lost 5-3 in 8 innings. Despite losing two tough games to end the season, M.B.A.'s year proved to be an exceptional one. A team that



Hooper fires one

Bell Ringer photo by Jeff Rya

many people thought would not be a factor in the regionals. After losing two coin tosses, M.B.A. was seeded fourth and had to play fifth seed Father Ryan in the first round of the tournament, a single elimination round. M.B.A. beat Ryan soundly behind the strong pitching of junior Marc Smith and the hitting of juniors Brad Reese and Jeff Owen and sophomore Brooks Smith. The excellent defense hitting of Mike Morrissey and the dependable hitting, pitching, and fielding of Jim Harwell also helped contribute to the team's success. The season overall was outstanding, and with 7 players returning, next year's team promises to be one of the strongest teams in recent M.B.A. history.

1987 Varsity Baseball Statistics

Batting								Pitching					
Name	Hits	At-Bats	Avg.	Runs	2B	3B	HR	RBI	Name	W-L	Innings Pitched	Earned Runs	ERA
Brad Reese	32	70	.457	25	12	2	1	22	Marc Smith	1-1	19	5	1.84
Jeff Owen	26	63	.413	16	3	1	3	15	Steven Hooper	6-3	50	15	2.10
Brooks Smith	13	36	.361	8	5	1	1	9	Jim Harwell	1-0	15	5	2.33
Mike Morrissey	20	62	.323	21	2	0	0	3	Jay Stroman	2-2	23.3	13	3.90
Bobby Whitson	20	67	.299	12	1	1	0	12	Jim Norris	2-1	15	10	4.67
Frank Downey	21	72	.292	17	4	2	0	12	Bobby Whitson	0-1	14.7	12	5.73
Marc Smith	14	51	.275	12	4	2	1	11					

Compiled by:
Andy Finchum

The Year in Sports

Football.....	District Champs, 2nd Round Playoffs
Cross-Country.....	Lexington Catholic, Metro, Region Champs
Golf.....	District, Region Champs, 3rd in State
Basketball.....	2nd in District, 2nd in Region, Sub-State
Wrestling.....	2nd in District, 5th in Region
Swimming.....	2nd in Region
Track.....	2nd in Region
Baseball.....	2nd in District
Tennis.....	District, Region, STATE Champs

"Congratulations to another excellent M.B.A. Tennis Team. Good Work, Coach Poston!"
-- A devoted fan

Dumb Bells

by Douglass McFerrin
Silent Night Owl... Sad news from the Soccer team. Following the squad's 3-2 heartbreaking loss in the District Championships at Overton, the mascot that M.B.A. had rallied around for much of the season was lost the world of the living for a time. Seniors Paul Lentz and Scott Sprague took turns running over the Night Owl in the parking lot after the game. But the season, of course, did not end.

Sluggfest at Peay Park... In Hunter's Lane's record-breaking 6 home runs in their 22-10 win

over the Big Red, we must not forget the 315 and 340-foot fences at Peay Park (compared to 325 and 380-foot fences at M.B.A.) and the gusting winds. While the Warriors' upped their home runs to 15 in the last games, the Big Red did not fail to help the slugfest - Jeff Owen and Brooks Smith each slammed 3-run homers and Brad Reese crushed a grand slam.

Underlying Inspiration... The inspiration that helped M.B.A. break open a close game in the 1st-round of the District Baseball Tournament against Ryan was seen by everyone, but

not realized. With the score close, a player from Father Ryan fouled a line-drive that hit senior Right Field Rowdy Gantt Bumstead right below his left collar bone. If the apparent injury had downed Gantt, it would seem to show Ryan's demonic and impending comeback. However, the Fighting Irish's hopes were shot down when Gantt Bumstead shook (literally) the injury off, gave high fives to his fellow Rowdies, and raised his arms in appreciation of the crowd's cheers. M.B.A. went on to win 8-1.

"Congrats are in order for Michael McNally and Steve Zibas who made it to the State AAA Track Meet."

SPORTS

TENNIS TEAM STATE CHAMPS

Cherry, Wilt Lead Team to Victory

by Sterling Price

The 1987 tennis team had another successful season, something they had been accustomed to for the last several years. It had been almost two decades since the Big Red had lost the district tournament and this streak was not to be broken this year. It had been nearly as many years since the team had lost the Region, and again the streak will continue for one more year.

This year's team had the necessary blend of experience and youth which is needed to make it successful. The top six consisted of two seniors, two juniors, and two sophomores. But filling the 7-13 positions were seven freshman who saw enough action to receive varsity letters. The top six on this year's team were: 1) Fleming Wilt (12), 2) Bill Cherry (10), 3) Arthur Henderson (11), 4) Tommy Frist (12), 5) Frank Drowota (10), and 6) Sterling Price (11).

This year's schedule was characterized by the fewer number of matches that Coach Poston scheduled as he hoped to avoid the fatigue which had set in during previous years. The weather also played a role in the fewer number of matches played this year as the cold weather and rain cancelled four matches. The Big Red opened its season with a forfeit over Pearl-Cohn. This set the tone for a string of crushing defeats over every fairly decent team in the greater midstate area.

After these massacres, the netters prepared for the annual trip to Memphis. The first part of the voyage was a match against perennial power Germantown. The 6-3 victory was impressive as Wilt, Cherry, Frist, Nate Sewell, and mystery man Sharpe Belote all were victorious. This victory was equalled with an identical 6-3 victory over the M.V.S. Owls.

The following weekend saw the team travel to Chatanooga,

the pessimism capital of the world, for matches against McCallie and the 31st annual Rotary Tournament.

This year's trip added a new twist as rookie Coach Friday accompanied the team in place of the previously engaged Coach Poston. However, not even the youthful antics of Friday could help the Big Red against a spirited Blue Tornado squad who handed the team its first defeat 6-3. In the Rotary, the Big Red placed fourth in an extremely competitive eight-team field. Notable performances were Bill Cherry's championship at #2 singles and Tommy Frist's runner-up finish at #4 singles.

The third gem in the consecutive weekend of fun Triple Crown was the Francis E. Carter Jr. tennis tournament hosted by M.B.A. In an unusually competitive field, the Big Red placed 3rd behind the defending tennis state champions from Tennessee and Kentucky. Once again, Cherry

was the champion at #2 singles, and Frist was runner-up at #4 singles. Cherry and Wilt finished 2nd at #1 doubles. This 3rd place finish is truly respectable since the tournament was played in the midst of the Junior-Senior Prom Extravaganza.

Next for the Big Red was the district 24 tournament played at M.B.A. The team showed its dominance as it placed all four of its allotted players in the semi-finals. The semi-final matches had Cherry playing Frist and Wilt playing Henderson. Cherry defeated Frist by a score of 6-1, 6-1. While Wilt was forced to a third set in an exciting match with Henderson, Wilt prevailed 6-0, 6-7, 6-1. This set up a rematch of last year's district and region championship matches. The match was exciting throughout as both players played well, but the defending state champion, Cherry, overcame a first set defeat to win: 4-6, 6-4, 6-2. Cherry and Wilt successfully defended their district doubles championship as they defeated the Scales-Cales duo from Hillwood. M.B.A. easily won the team championship by a score of 25-13 over Hillwood.

The following week was the region six tournament held at M.B.A. The opening round was an easy one for the Big Red as all four players advanced to the quarter-final round. In the quarters, Cherry and Wilt rolled to easy wins as expected. The other two matches produced upsets. Tommy Frist, who was expected to receive a state bid, was upset by Whites Creek junior Renne Holmes, 6-3, 6-3. Arthur Henderson, however, upended last year's semi-finalist Jason Subin from Overton 6-1, 7-5. In the semi's, Cherry beat Henderson, and Wilt beat Holmes. This set up another Cherry-Wilt showdown for the region championship. Cherry won 6-3,

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Wilt shames the competition

Bell Ringer photo by Jeff Ryu



Bill Cherry: State Champ at large

Bell Ringer photo by Jeff Ryu